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MRS. REBECCA J. HENDERSON'S EXPERIENCE IN TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF CHRISTIAN WORK

REBECCA J. HENDERSON

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HENDERSON, R. J., Mrs. R. J. Henderson
Experience in 26 Years of Christian Work. Illus
Jacksonville, Fla., n.d. $3.

Association copy, with large inscription by the auth
Sketches of Georgia, Florida, Texas, etc.

(Mrs. M. W.) Rebecca J. —
Henderson
Jacksonville, Fla
Highway Branch
"Hephzibah Cottage"
And
Willacoochee, Ga.
R. F. D. No 2.

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MANASSAH W. and REBECCA J. HENDERSON

Mrs. Rebecca J. Henderson's Experience

In Twenty-Six Years of Christian Work
In the Slums of the Great Cities
and in the Rural Districts
of Thirteen States

Thrilling Incidents of Her Life, Remarkable Answers to Prayer, Dying Words of Loved Ones and Testimonies by Those who Have Been Saved.

"Fear them not therefore: for there s nothing covered, that shall not be reveated; and hid that shall not be made known. And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."—Matt.10:26-28.

This certifies that M. W. Henderson and Rebecca J. Fox were by me united in marriage according to the laws of the state of Georgia on the 19th day of December, 1909, at Valdosta.

W. L. C. Malcom. Minister

(Witnesses)

R. T. Waldrep J. Kenney

DEDICATION

To my noble Christian Husband, who, by his means, encouraging words, every ready help and unwavering faith, made it possible for me to send forth the Story of My Life, with the prayer that all who read it may be saved eternally.

The Author Affectionately Dedicates These Pages.

FOUR GENERATIONS---Mother, Sister, Niece and Great Niece.

My Niece, Marguerite. Mother. Marguerite's Baby. My Sister, Mrs. Elizabeth, O'Donnell.

BV
2520
H38 mv

Main Street Baptist Church
Wm. L. Challonor Mahon
Pastor
Jacksonville, Fla.

May 29th, 1909,

To the Brethren:—

Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox the bearer of this letter is a member of the Main Street Baptist Church and is engaged in rescue mission work and other work of love. We have found her worthy of esteem and confidence and commend her to the favor and confidence of God's people.

W. L. C. Mahon

St. Louis, Jan. 9th, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Van Dyke:—

Your request that the Lord's people remember your husband and yourself in prayer was brought before the congregation of the Washington and Compton Ave. Presbyterian Church last night, and though no name was given I feel sure many a silent prayer was offered while Dr. Brookes prayed that God's saving power might be about your husband, and that both he and you might feel confidently the truth "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Heb. xiii-5.

Won't you send your present address, either to me or to Dr. Brookes 3654 Pine Street that both pastor and session may call upon you in this hour of your sorrow. I am in His Name,

Yours very truly,
SELDEN P. SPENCER.

St. Louis, June 3, 1905.

Mr. C. C. Curtis,
Pennsylvania R. R. Co.,
City.

My Ddar Mr. Curtis:—

The bearer of this note, Mrs. S. E. Fox, I knew sixteen years ago at the death of her husband, Mr. VanDyke, who was in the employ of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Co. Since then she has been engaged in missionary work in the different states of the Union and for the last three years in Arkansas.

She is on her way to Pennsylvania to interest people in her work and wants such transportation accommodation, as under the rules of the road can be consistently given. I know you will

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do as much for her as can be done, and I have great pleasure in introducing her to you.

Believe me with great respect,

Very truly yours,.... .....

SELDEN P. SPENCER.

Melrose, Mass., 647 Main St., July 8th, 1901.

Dear Sister Fox:—

Glad to receive your letter of the 1st, and write to express my best wishes for you and Bro. Fox in the work of the Army. It is simply another branch of the one great church of the Lord Jesus Christ. You are adapted to that kind of work and I pray you may be greatly blessed therein. I have always believed in you and have always spoken a good word for you when opportunity offered. Am glad I have been of any little help to you in the spiritual life. I am especially pleased to learn that Bro. Fox is in the light and in the service. He can be a very useful man, I am sure, if he holds fast to Jesus. After a while you may decide to come back to the Church and you will find a home in Methodism always. That is where you belong you know. You are a Methodists though it took you a long time to find it out. Yes, come over some night and wake us up. I should enjoy it very much. There are lots of good people here that enjoy salvation and I mean that they shall have a chance while I am here. The people are largely away now. I shall not have charge here any Sunday but the 21st until September.

C. H. STACKPOLE, Pastor.

Letter From Postmaster, Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

Texarkana, Ark.-Tex., Dec. 11, 1905.

To Whom It May Concern:

This letter of recommendation will be shown you by Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox, an evangelist of much note, who has put in her life in evangelizing and charitable acts. I have known Mrs. Fox from girlhood, and feel that I cannot recommend her too highly. I take great pleasure in recommending Mrs. Fox to all good citizens.

.. LYYMAN S. ROACH.....

Texarkana, Tex., April 24, 1906.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This will introduce to you Mrs. Fox, who is operating the Rescue Home in Texarkana for the care of Fallen Men and Women.

In my mind she is a consecrated Christian, and it gives me

pleasure to commend her to any one, she may come in contact with.

Yours truly,
W. T. McCURRY, M. D.
T. F. KITTRELL, M. D.

Texarkana, Texas, Dec. 2, 1905

Agent, Texarkana, Texas.
Agent De Queen, Ark.
Agent, Gilham, Ark.
Agent, Cove, Ark.
Agent, Hatfield, Ark.
Agent, Rusk, Ark.
Agent, Mena, Ark.

Dear Sirs:—

This will introduce Mrs. Fox, who with her party of Missionaries, is moving North along our Line. This is the party referred to in my letter of Dec. 2nd.

Yours truly,
S. G. HOPKINS,
G. P. & T. A.

Sister Fox is a trained Christian Worker, able in prayer and exhortation, and an exemplary Christian. She is loyal to the church,and believes in her doctrines and lives them. She is no "Comeouter" and no adventurer. I have had her to lead my services on Sunday evening to the edification and stimulation of my people.

J. C. HOOKS,
Pastor College Hill M. E. Church, Texarkana, Ark.

43 Chestnut St., Boston, Oct. 12, 1906.

This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox, she having formerly been a member of the Stanton Ave, M. E. Church of which I was pastor.

Knowing of her ability and enrnestness in Christian Missionary Service it gives me pleasure to commend her to the fellowship of Christian people.

C. H. STACKPOLE, Pastor.

Perryville, Ky., Nov. 9th, 1906.

To Whom It May Concern:

It affords me pleasure to certify that I have long been acquainted with Sister Rebecca J. Fox, and know her to be all

right in every respect and wonderfully used of God in the salvation of souls.

I take great pleasure in recommending her to all who need help in their soul saving work.

And I assure you that you will do well to secure her assistance in all your labors of love to save the lost and help the weak believers into the glorious foutain which gives them the victory over the world and Satan.

God bless you all.

REV. W. B. GODBBY, A. M.

Perryville, Ky.

Mrs. Fox has presented her cause twice in our church in a very satisfactory manner. I believe her to be a true and earnest Christian, and that she is doing a work for "The Master," and is worthy of any help any one might be inclined to give her.

J. JOHNSON,

Pastor Winnebago Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Mo.

43 Temple St., Somerville, Mass., 11-15-06.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox of Texarkana, Ark., who is the founder and President of The Fox Home Mission and Rescue Association, was in the First Evangelical Church of Somerville, Mass., of which I am pastor, and her talk and that of her secretary, Mr. C. S. Peck, so interested the congregation that they responded liberally to their appeals. This a very worthy cause and should receive the hearty co-operation and support of all our Holiness pastors and churches.

Give these dear workers a welcome in your midst and I will guarantee that you will never regret it.

May the blessings of the Great Head of the Church rest upon them and crown their labors with abundant success.

EDWARD HILTON POST,

Pastor Evangelical Church, Somerville, Mass.

Boston, Nov 15, 1906.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This certifies that I have known Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox for ten years or more, and I cheerfully bear evidence to her consistent Christian character. She is at present engaged in Rescue Work in the South, and is doing noble service both for God and man. She merits a hearing and deserves aid and encouragement

in her self-sacrificing efforts to uplift the fallen and reclaim the lost.

D. O. S. LOWELL, Deacon.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 24, 1906.

This is to certify that Mrs. Rebecca Fox, founder and manager of "The Fox Mission" in Texarkana, Ark., was for sometime a member of the Dorchester Temple Baptist Church.

I was not her pastor, but I find that all who knew her have the utmost confidence in her integrity and honor. She spoke to our people recently with great earnestness, and an offering was made for her Mission.

I have been in Texarkana and believe that every word she says of the need and merit of the Mission is true.

Sincerely,
TILLMAN B. JOHNSON.

Marshall, Texas, Nov. 4th, 1907.

To Any One:—

I want to say a word to interest people in the work of Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox. She is sincere and earnest and she is a Christian more like Christ in her life work than we often chance to meet,

Most sincerely,
DR. L. H. HENNLEY,
Young Bldg.

I believe Mrs. Rebecca Fox to be a good Christian woman, doing a great and good work for the Lord, in rescuing poor, fallen girls from a life of sin, in Texarkana. Her work is interdenominational, and appeals to the best that is in us.

She represented her work to my people, and met with some response. I commend her and her work to the people of any city she may visit, as being worthy of their help. May the God of hope help her in opening a door of hope to His poor wayward and fallen children.

W. F. PACKARD,
Marshall, Texas.

November 4th, 1907.

I consider Mrs. Rebecca Fox a brave Christian woman, representing a much needed work among a class of pitiable sufers. Help her if you can.

REV. JAMES. A. CHRISTIAN,
Pastor M. E. Church.

Marshall Tex., Nov. 4, 1907.

Monroe, La., June 21st, 1907.

Having met Mrs. Fox,and finding she has a noble work in hand, feel that those who assist her, shall make no mistake.

R. B. BLANKS, President,
Merchant and Farmers Bank, Monroe, La.

To Whom It May Concern:——

I wish to commend most heartily the work that is being done by Mrs. R. J. Fox. Having been a member of a board of managers for a Rescue Home in the city of San Antonio, I can testify to the fact that 80 per cent of those who come into the home are permanently saved from a life of shame. Mrs. Fox presented her work in my church on December 8, 1907.

H. J. JOHNSON.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 11, 1907.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 11, 1907.

Mrs. R. J. Fox,
Galveston, Texas.
My Dear Mrs. Fox,—

I am writing you this note to let you know how great an interest I feel in your work It is a great work indeed and appeals to me as almost nothing else does. I hope I may have been of sme little help to you in the past and it will always be a pleasure and a privilege to assist you, when needed in the future.

Sincerely and cordially your friend,
R. M. HALL.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 3, 1907.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to say that I have heard Mrs. Fox on several occasions speak on the purity problem and have been impressed by her earnestness, tact and sincerity.

She is certainly doing **something**—most of us are not. I wish her God-speed.

CHARLES E. FREEMAN,
Pastor 4th Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 14, 1907.

It was my pleasure to hear Mrs. Fox's lecture to ladies only and I heartily endorse every word she said and really feel that every Christian woman in this land and country should rise up in a body and help in every way possible. May God continue His

goodness to Mrs. Fox and give her a long life to carry on this good work.

MRS. M. L. CALHOUN,
Pres. Gal. Rescue Association.

2122 K Galveston.

I went to hear Sister Fox lecture to ladies only, and married lady that Iam she told things that will benefit me all through life and taught me to rear my children little girls to look tō everything that is "pure" and "moral," which so many mothers neglect. I truly think she is a lovely worked for the Lord's good works, and all Christians ought to give her a helping hand in this noble work she has undertaken.

Yours truly,
MRS. C. M. KUHLMAN.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 11,1907.

To Whom It May Concern:—

Mrs. Fox of the Rescue Home at Texarkana, who has been in our city some weeks comes with the highest commendations as to her Christian character and work, from Ministers of the Gospel and others who are personally acquainted with her.

It has been my privilege to hear her speak of her work at different times, and from what I have heard and seen of her, I believe she is a humble Chritian woman trying to serve the Lord in her ministry to her fallen sisters.

Respectfully yours,
JUDSON B. PALMER,
General Secreary.
MRS. JUDSON B. PALMER,

Mrs. Fox addressed over one hundred men at our meeting one Sunday afternoon.

Galveston, Texas, Dec. 18th, 1907.

To Whom It May Concern:—

I have heard Mrs. Rebecca Fox speak to a large gathering of men in this city and have incidentally learned of her work while here and believe her to be animated by a desire to help those who, by our unatural social system, are made outcasts and are shunned by most people.

Very truly,
A. RUSSELL,
Managing Editor, Galveston Tribune.

WARRANTY DEED, WITH RELINQUISHMENT OF DOWER.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That we, J. P. Chavis, and M. A. Chavis, his wife for and in consideration of the sum of One Dollar and other valuable considerations to us in hand paid by Rebecca James Fox to have and to use as her home, so long as shee lives on said property and uses same for her home and missionary headquarters and has the management of said property herself, and her associates and successors, so long as the following property is used for that purpose and provided the home is built within two years from date.

Do hereby grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said Rebecca James Fox, and unto her successors and assigns forever, so long as used for a home and her successors in the work she is now engaged in, the following lands lying in the County of Ashley and State of Arkansas, to-wit:

E. part of the S. W. 1-4 of N. W. 1-4 Sec. 13, Township 16 S., R. 7 West, more particularly described, to-wit Beginning at the S. E. corner of S. E. fourth of N. W. fourth run west 165 yards; thence north 440 yards across the forty; thence east 165 yards to corner of said forty; thence south to place of beginning, containing 15 acres, more or less.

The above mentioned land is not to be sold for speculation, but is to revert to J. P. Chavis when it is not used for the purpose that is as above indicated. It is further understood that the right to sell the improvements is hereby retained by the Grantee, and is hereby granted by the Grantor.

To have and to Hold the same unto the said Mrs. Rebecca James Fox, and her successors and associates in the Mission Work, and assigns forever, with all appurtenances thereunto belonging. And,

We hereby covenant with said Mrs. Rebecca James Fox and her associates and successors that we will forever warrant and defend the title to the said lands against all claim whatever.

And I, M. A. Chavis, wife of said J. P. Chavis for and in consideration of the said sum of money, do hereby release and relinquish unto the said Mrs. Rebecca James Fox all my right of dower and homestead in and to the said lands.

Witness our hands and seals on this 27 day of June, 1908.

J. P. CHAVIS. (Seal.)

M. A. CHAVIS, (Seal.)

Hamburg, Ark., Sept. 26, 1908.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This will introduce Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox who is operating a Mission and Rescue Home and is to my knowledeg doing a good work for the cause of Christianity and reaching people who are not reached through the regular church channels.

BEN. W. ALLEN.

Hamburg, Ark., Sept 26, 1908.

Mrs. R. J. Fox is an enthusiastic worker for Christianity and I cheerfully recommend her to all good people.

J. H. PRYOR, SR.,
President Ashley County Bank.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES IN NOV., 1908, AT FAIRFAX.

The Juvenile Missionary Society.

In years to come the program of the Juvenile Missionary Society on the evening of Thanksgiving, day, will live in the minds of many who witnessed the exercises at the Methodist church.

WEEK OF PRAYER AT FAIRFAX.

The Week of Prayer was observed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the presence of Mrs. Fox of the Fox Mission Home of Hamburg, Ark., was an inspiration and blessing to all who heard her and we are very grateful for her many encouraging words and pray God's blessings upon her and her work.

MRS. GRAVES and
MRS. ANDREWS.
Fairfax, Ga.

Fairfax, Ga., Feb. 1, 1909.

To Whom It May Concern:—

I have had Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox as a welcome visitor in my home and knew her to be a devout Christian. She is sincere, faithful and earnest. I believe she is one of God's chosen workers. She is doing a great work but she can never hope to accomplish nearly so much without the co-operation of the churches, so Ihope every church will open its doors to her and help her on with her work. She is fearless in her denunciation of sin and for that reason needs the help and protection of every Christian.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. E. R. ANDREWS.

Waycross, Ga., Feb. 12, 1909.

Mrs. R. J. Fox has been doing Rescue Work in and around Waycross, speaking to large congregations in our churches and is well reported of among us and is hereby commended to all good citizens and Christian people as worthy of all confidence and sympathy in her mission.

J. P. WARDLAW,

Pastor First Methodist Church, Waycross, Ga.

An extract from a letter written to Mrs. J. M. Joiner, Waycross, Ga.

Millwood, Ga., Jan. 3, 1909.

Dear Agnes: I will write just a few lines that you may know I received your letter.* * I hope Sister Fox will go right on and pay no attention to any thing that people may say, they will hurt themselves more than **they can Sister Fox.** She is fully trusting in her blessed Saviour and He will take care of all misrepresentations that can be said about her. May the Lord be good to you all this new year commencing with the early dawn. Your sister in Christ.

MRS. C. M. BABCOCK.

To Whom It May Concern:—

Mrs. Fox has been a visitor at my home for three months and it is indeed a pleasure to me to record this evidence of the high esteem in which I hold her. She has a most lovable disposition and with a joyful demeanor. She is the embodiment of all that one would expect of one who possessed a true Christian character.

J. M. JOINER,

2-14-09. 19 Church St., Waycross, Ga.

It has been our privilege to have Sister Fox, the founder of the Fox Home Mission and Rescue Association of Arkansas, as our guest for three months, while she has been doing Home Missionary Work in Waycross and surrounding country. I feel honored that the Lord sent Sister Fox to our home. She is a most spiritual and prayerful Christian and her presence in our home has been a benediction to our family.

(MRS.) J. M. JOINER,

19 Church St., Waycross, Ga.

Feb. 15, 1909.

Hamburg, Ark., March 29, 1909.

Mrs. R. J. Fox,
Jacksonville, Fla.
Dear Sister Fox:—

We have your favor of the 26th inst. with postoffice money order inclosed for $32.82, payment of your acount in full to date, for which please accept our thanks.

We are glad to know that you are meeting with such good success in your undertaking and sincerely hope you will be able to acomplish your purpose. With best wishes, we remain,

Yours very truly,
THE DUNAWAY LUMBER CO.
By EDGAR SMITH, Sec'y.

Eskridge, Ky., May 1st, 1909.

MRS. AGNES JOINER,
19 Church Street,
Waycross, Ga.
DEAR SISTER:

I am well acquainted with Sister Fox. Have long known her. She is certainly one of the truest Saints I ever knew. God has blessed her labors everywhere—from Texas to Boston, Mass.

God bless you all.

REV. W. B. GODBY, A. M.

Perryville, Ky.

Superior, Wis., July 1, 1910.

Bro. and Sister Henderson:
Dear Ones.

Greetings in Jesus:—

We received a letter from you while in Atlanta, Ga. We at that time were in charge of the work there and could not get to your place to help in meeting, as it was God's will that we were to go around the world to witness for Him to many nations.

We left Atlanta to be in a meeting near Toronto, Canada where we had a very good meeting on acount of the dear Lord being present with us. Glory to His Name.

Some saved, some made pure, and some received Pentecost for which we praise God, and also some healed.

We leave here for Winnipeg, Canada, on the 7th of July, where we will be until the 20th.

We ship for China on the 20th of September, God willing,

making Hong Kong, China, ouh first point to camp. Praise God.

Now, I want to say that I am the Bro, Denney that was at Valdosta, Ga., when you were married.

I hope that you are happy. May God bless you and Bro. Henderson in the work of the Lord and may you have many souls.

Our address in America will be 78 N. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga. Bridegroom Messenger Office. Would like to hear form you any time. Would like to hear how the work is going on in South Georgia.

I hope this finds you both well and happy in Jesus.

Pray for us that the dear Lord will make us a blessing to others, and that we be kept in His will and under the Blood for Jesus sake and the cause.

Yours in Jesus Name,
FRANK DENNEY.

208 N. Eighth St., Richmond, Va.

Secretary's Office, June 14, 1910.

Willacoochee, Ga.

Dear Madam:—

We are sending you by express, prepaid, today a package of Testaments, &c., to be used in connection with your work.

Trusting that you find them of great service in benefitting the people, we are,

Very truly yours,
M. B. PORTER,
Agency Secretary.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Prov. 22:1.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

My Dying Father's Legacy—Birth and Parents—Father's Sudden Death—My Sister's Marriage—Her Husband Is Shot—A Sad Accident on the Railroad—Early Convictions.

My earliest recollections are of country life on a farm. I was born, February 13, 1866,in Ouachita County, Arkansas. My parents, like many others in the South, lost everything in the War of the Rebellion.

My father, A. C. Brownlee, was a poor but industrious farmer of Scotch-Irish descent. He was born in Carolina. My mother's maiden name was Norman. She was born in Alabama and was of French descent.

My mother's relatives were all Primitive Baptists. Her father was a minister of that denomination. She was a woman of great faith, industrious and charitable.

I have heard my mother often speak of the slaves in her father's family, and of those in her family, always with the affectionate regard that a lady and mistress would express for a valued servant. But the race prejudice remained with her to the end of her life. I have heard her often tell of her experiences in those trying days of war between the States back in the 60's, how hard she had to work to support her little children and have something to give to others who had need. The sick, the poor and those in trouble were the special objects of her care.

Looms and cards and spinning wheels were unceasingly busy all day long, and the scissors, needles, and thimbles until far into the night, and into warp and woof and every stitch, tears and prayers and fears were wrought for absent loved ones, who were at the front fighting for what they believed to be thier rights.

My poor father returned from the war shattered in health, his eyesight almost gone from the effects of improper treatment. We were living on a farm in Seiver County, Arkansas, when my dear father died. I was a small child, but can remember we lived in a double pin log house, seventy-five miles from a railroad. He grew sick at his stomach in the night and went

out on the front porch and vomited several times before calling mother. When he began to feel weak he called her to make a light and come out on the porch with him. When she did, she found he had been vomiting his life's blood. He only lived a day or two. The day before he was taken sick that night, he had been driving some hogs to pasture, which is very trying, and the doctor thought he must have ruptured a blood vessel in halloing at the hogs.

How careful we ought to be every day to walk humbly with our God, not knowing what moment we will be summoned into His presence. I am so thankful my dear fathre was given a few hours in which to prepare to go into the presence of his Maker. Many are cut off without a moment's warning.

I believe it was in answer to my dying father's prayer that I was called into evangelistic work. When the icy hand of death was laid upon his heart, and his vision was so dim he could not see the form of his loved ones, calling my mother by her name he said: "Fannie, I cannot see, I am growing blind, let me have your hand;" and holding her hand in his he told her how tenderly he loved her, and then he poured out his heart to God in prayer which was in substance, that God would have mercy on his poor soul, his wife and little children, and protect them and never let the Brownlee name trail in the dust, and then bidding us good bye he passed into the great beyond from whence no traveler has ere returned.

The briney tears blind my eyes while I write of this sad scene, but my heart is full of gratitude and praise to Almighty God for my dying father's legacy, his prayer for our eternal welwelfare . "Every real prayer that was ever offered, has been answered, or is being answered, or will be answered." **Praise God's Holy Name! . .His Mercy Endureth Forever.**

Shortly after my father's death my sister, Elizabeth, married a man by the name of John O'Donnell, a pedlar from Texarkana, Arkansas. He was an Irish Catholic. Through his influence my mother moved to Texarkana and they all united with the Roman Catholic Church when I was about 11 years old.

Mother sent us children to the Catholic school and had us confirmed in the Catholic Church. Texarkana was then a typical border city. It was notorious for wickedness. Mother and we children kept boarders for a living. I remember one morning when we went out on the back porch how excited we children were to find a trunk that had been broken open full of beautiful wearing clothes and other valuable articles laying in a heap

at our back door. Some one had thrown it in there to cover up their crime.

There was an Irish family lived next door to us. The man and the woman frequently got drunk. They had two pretty girls who went to the Catholic school with me. I remarked to our schoolmates, "what a pitty such pretty girls had such parents." They in turn told it to other school children until it got back to the girls. One morning the old lady gave me a surprise party. She was drinking and came in our kitchen and took up a piece of stove wood and proceeded to beat me, saying, "It's bad enough on me poor gearls that their father and mother both are drunkards without the likes of ye's a telling of it."

One day we children went into this woman's house and their lay a woman on the kitchen floor dead. She had been visiting with this family some days.

There was a saloon every few doors in Texarkana then. My sister's husband, Mr. John O'Donnell, kept a saloon and lived upstairs over it. One night as he was closing his doors he lost his keys and was looking for them with a small hand lamp, when an old acquaintance came by and they passed a few words and the man blew out his lamp, and a few angry words passed between them. They were both drinking. The man went away and returned in a few minutes with his pistol and shot Mr. O'Donnell. My sister had just been up attending her young infant, and hearing the pistol shot she hastened to the head of the stairs in her night dress, and her husband called out, "Lizzie, I am shot." He lived eleven days and his suffering and death was pitably sad. He was shot through the neck and shoulder.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest the bottle to him and makest him drunken." Hab. 2:15.

"Who hath woes? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Prov. 23: 29-32.

Shortly after Mr. O'Donnell's death we all went out on the railroad in Texas to keep section house near Marshall, Texas. My sister, Mrs. O'Donnell kept a section house near Mathew's Mill, about ten miles from Texarkana, Texas. In these days it was necessary for us to use the most rigid economy. Once, not long after, I went to help my sister, she went to the branch to

wash, leaving me at the section house to do up the morniing's work and to take care of her little girl, who was a tiny little thing a year and a half old and very active. As sister left the house she cautioned me not to let little Marguerite get run over by the train. I can't remember my exact age at this time, but I should judge I was somewhere between tweleve and fourteen. I remember the sad incident I am about to relate as though it were yesterday. Sister had not been gone from the house but a very short while, when I heard an approaching train; as the engineer reversed the engine I went to the door to see if we were to receive some provisions that morning, and was met by the fireman bringing in my little niece, Marguerite, limp and apparently lifeless all covered with blood and her little sweet hand and arm severed from her body. It was such a shock I could not reacll who she was for some time. My screams soon brought my poor sister from the wash place. As she approached the house she never dreamed of finding her precious babe in such a plight. When she realized the situation she dropped on the front porch. The great and good God who is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil (Luke 6: 35) had compassion on even me, as I assisted the fireman to bathe little Marguerite's bleeding form and wrap her in a sheet, and to try to restore my poor heartbroken sister, and help her get off quickly with little Marguerite to Texarkana, which was the nearest point to reach a surgeon. No tongue or pen can describe the remorse my poor heart felt, when sister took her to Texarkana to the doctor, leaving me there all alone, with dear little Marguerite's arm and hand lying on the porch. I praise God her precious little life was spared, and she received a good sum of money from the railway company, but, of course, no amount of money could replace her arm. About thirty years after this sad accident, after Marguerite was married and the mother of sweet children, I went to her and told her how awfully sorry I was that instead of attending to her as I should that morning that Satan filled my mind with his mischief. She put her arm about me and told me not to weep, and said her life had been very happy. This was very sweet of her to try to comfort me with these words. I will not go into details as I did in reciting to Marguerite how Satan filled my my foolish darkened mind, and had me carry out his plans that morning instead of attending carefully to her and other duties.

But if my feeble pen could be inspired for a while I would speak with it to all young people of the importance of living an

upright and moral life. How I would plead with them to "remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Ecc. 12: 1. To shun disolute companions and vile associates as they would the worst epidemic; it will save you from remorse and bitter pangs of conscience in after years.

Would to God I could say something to the mothers and fathers for the sake of the children with whose eternal safety you are charged, that would impress the importance upon you of bringing up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Eph. 6:4.

I wish every parent in this land would obtain General William Booth's little book entitled, "Training of Children;" or how to make the children into saints and soldiers of Jesus Christ. New York City Salvation Army Publishing House 120-124 W. 14th street.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22: 6,

No man can bring a greater curse upon law and order and a good civilization than to turn disobedient uncontrolled children out into the world.

I wish that every mother and father in this world could read "Traffic In Girls," by Mrs. Charlton Edholm, Oakland, California.

If I had been trained in early youth as I am trying to train young children now, what a length, breadth and depth of suffering, care and sorrow. I, as well as others, would have been spared. "And the Lord passed by before him and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgressions and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and the fourth generation." Exodus 34:6,7,

God speaks to us by His providence as well as by His Word and Spirit. I belive it was the sad accident that happened to little Marguerite that first caused me to realize what a guilty sinner I was. From that time forth I was filled with deep remorse and condemnation. I never received peace until God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins. The Lord in great mercy sent one trial upon another upon me until my heart was broken.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart. O God thou wilt not despise. Psalms 51. 17.

Let us hope it is profitable that one of Marguerite's mem-

bers should perish, and not that my whole body should be cast into hell. Matt. 5:30. I humbly ask all who read these lines to pray that Marguerite and all those connected with her by blood or marriage may be saved eternally through the Precious Blood of Jesus.

LITTLE MARGUERITE

Soon After She Recovered from the Accident

CHAPTER II.

Love's Young Dream—A Wife's Broken Heart—A Storm and Terrible Disaster—W. F. Manley on Divorce and Remarriage.

We all moved back to Texarkana when I was abut fourteen years old. Mother opened a millinery and dressmaking shop which created a department of work for each one of us girls. I was housekeeper, seamstress and nurse. Dear little Marguerite was the special object of my love and tender care. I was glad for an opportunity to atone for the cruel neglect of the past. I was never too tired to do anything for her comfort or pleasure, night or day. We spent many happy hours together. She was the pet of the family and had a sweet happy disposition and was always trying to help. When I was busy sewing she would say, "play like I am a rich lady from New York." and her always active brain could carry out her part for hours. Her bright cheery talk in her chidhood days was a great comfort to me in those trying times. Jesus said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mat. 19: 14,

At the age of a little past fifteen I had a proposal of marriage from a man who said his home was Rochester, N. Y., and that his name was S. E. Berry. He was a harnessmaker by trade and a very fine looking man. Like many a simple hearted girl I laid the wealth of my love trustingly at his feet. Soon after we were married I discovered he was a gambler. He would slip off from me after I had gone to sleep, and would often wake me as he came to bed between the hours of midnight and day. He would hide his money in his shoes. In those days there was open gambling houses in Texarkana and other dives of wickedness. I remember one dark stormy night my husband came in and told us a dreadful thing had happened up town. Ghio's Opera House, a tall brick building under construcetion, had fell over on the Paragon Saloon. We hastened to the scene, through pitch dark, with only a ray of lightning now and then to show us how to go. I cannot borrow language to describe the horrors of that night's scene.

The tall brick building falling on and crushing in the saloon and gambling house into which sixty-eight men had already gathered. The timbers protected the inmates so that few,

if any, were killed outright. They were caught like rats in a trap. A lamp set the crushed building on fire., buried several feet under brick, which soon became too hot to handle by the scores of anxious friends, who were trying to bring deliverance to the wicked prisoners. Only two men were gotten out; one living a few minutes, the other three hours. Mothers and mistresses, fathers and friends, fellow-sinners and strangers worked hard but in vain. The puny arm of man was too short to reach them. An occasional crack of a pistol announced that the encroaching flames had been cheated. Messages were dictated from this furnace, a foretaste of hell; dictation falling on tear-washed scraps and note books. "Pandemonium in carnival." Mr. Mayfield, the bartender, was crushed to a jelly. His wife who was expecting to become a mother went in one fainting spasm after another. The next day the business town was in crepe, but it is said, that at 10 o'clock the hard-hearted and avaricious owner of that pile of brick relet the contract. A man said that he saw human hair and blood scraped from the bricks that went into that building. Afterwards that opera house took fire and was burned down. Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood and stablisheth a city by iniquity! Hab.2 :12.

One day a large and excited crowd (possibly two hundred little boys among them) passed our door with a negro, a rope tied around the horn of a saddle and one end around the negro's neck. They took him a little ways from our house and tied him to a tree, saturated him with coal oil and burned him alive. I exhorted some of the men to prudence, and urged them not to do such a thing, and was told I had better hush or I would be done likewise. They used to shoot men down in the streets like dogs.

To return to my marriage. I can not leave the happy couple floating down life's stream to live supremely and extremely happy ever afterwards. It is thus the popular novelist leaves his newly married couple, and it often leaves his plain working-class of readers dissatisfied with their lot in life.

As I said before, like many a simple-hearted girl, I laid the wealth of my love trustingly at my betrothed lover's feet, thinking that in marriage love's young dream would be realized, that I would never be lonely and loveless again. My idea of love was, " two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

I soon found my condition was nothing bettered by getting

married. I had one more to cook for, my husband never took me away from my mother's house.

Six weeks after I was married when my mother was laying very low on her sick bed, she gave my husband a hundred dollars and asked him to buy a postal money order to send off to pay for some millinery goods. He stole thehundred dollars and abscodned with a lewd woman. When the truth dawned upon me that I was deserted by one who had promised protection, support, companionship, and love, I felt as though everything had failed. I cannot express my feelings at this time, as one might as well try to paint the rainbow with a piece of charcoal, as to try and put a broken heart on paper. I went to the Priest for spiritual advice and comfort. The priest told me I was living in adultery because I was not married by a priest and said Almighty God had sent this misfortune upon me for this cause. I told him I knew better than that, as many people were living in holy wedlock who were not married by a Catholic priest. He said I was a bad, bold girl to sauce him, and defy the church. He then put the curse of the church upon me, saying, if I should die I could not be buried in their grave yard, but would be thrown into a hole, like a dog or an ass. At this I hardly had strength to gasp, I still have the comforts of the church." He then informed me I did not, that I could not come to Holy Communion. That put me on my mettle and I said, if that is the case, and this is all the comfort that you and this religion have to offer me I am done with it. I walked out of the church never to enter it again to worship.

I then felt as if I was forsaken of all mankind, not only by my husband, but ostracised from my friends and church.

"Sacred groves, temples, and churches,
Rise and rot and fall.
Races and nations
And the various tongues of men
Come and go and are recorded,
Numbered, and forgotten in the
Repetition and the drift of many ages.
Creeds change.
All outward circumstances may be different,
But there lives no man
Nor ever lived one,
Who in the secret of his heart,
Feeling his need
Has not cried out shaping some prayer
To the unchanging God."

Out of the great deep of my heart, I cried to the God that

"hears prayer." I prayed like men pray on the decks of sinking steamers, for God to send my husband back to redeem my honor. I did not feel worthy to walk out upon the streets, and would often go out the alley to go to the store on an errand to avoid meeting the people. I praise God for answering my prayer.

In a few days my husband sent me a telegram from New Orleans which read as follows: "Don't worry. Letter follows." In the letter he explained he became entangled with this impure woman in his youth and she followed him everywhere and the only way he could get rid of her was to go away with her and then give her the slip, and that he would soon arrange for me to join him at Orange, La. We staid there a few weeks. I took in sewing and paid our board at the hotel. He said he wanted to make reparation for his wrong doings and unkind treatment of me at Texarkana. So we came back to Texarkana. He opened a harness shop on State Line Avenue. I clerked in John Mayor's machine shop a few doors from his harness shop, sold machines on commission, and took in sewing. We kept house in one room. I saved up a little money. In a few weeks he got another hundred from my mother, robbed me and skipped out again. By this time my people and friends were disgusted with me, for taking him back to my confidence. The officers were after him for stealing some money. But he made fair promises and said "that he hoped God would strike him dead if he ever repeated the act again," and begged me to forgive him and try him once more. I knew that the world looked upon a deserted woman as a disgrace to sociey and I thought it my duty to myself and husband and the public in general to help him conceal himself from the officers and arrange to join him later, which I did, only to be deserted again in ten days. Left penniless and friendless away from home. The officers again were on his track and searched my room. The hotel man seized my trunk and personal effects for his unpaid board bill, and they talked very rough to me about concealing and covering his record. Again I betook myself to prayer. I did not pray for God to send him back, I could only pray, "Thy will be done." I was a little past fifteen years old at this time and I have never heard of him since.

This was at Longview Junction, Texas, where he deserted me the third time.

I borrowed money from Mrs. Mame Tirney, who afterwards became a life-time friend, and went back to my mother's house at Texarkana. I worked hard all day and until late at night,

trying to drown my trouble. Work is a great blessing, though it was put on man for a curse. God's curse is better than man's blessing. We should thank God every day for the tasks that must be performed whether we feel like it or not. It is good discipline for us.

During this time we lived up over our store. One night we were awakened by smoke and flames leaping in our windows from a burning building next door. We had barely escaped in our night clothes when our store and dwelling place melted with heat. Mother almost lost her life trying to save something from the flames.

I was freed from this man three years later by the laws of the land and of God.

According to the teaching of the Word of God, Matt. 5:32 19:9 in my judgment when a person is properly divorced that is, for the cause of fornication they are just as free to marry again as though they had never been married.

If others are inclined to differ from me I wish to say that all that I write about either people or things, I write just as it impressed me, realizing that good people see differently very often. But public opinion is not the highest tribunal before which we shall be summoned. Each case will be brought up to the Supreme Court of the Universe, and no witness there will commit perjury. May God prepare us all for that hour by a life of sincerity and truth. I am perfectly willing, and ready to meet this man in the judgment before the Great Judge of the Universe "who seeth in secret" not as man who looks on the surface. God knows all the facts in the case.

"And fierce tho' the fiends may fight,
And long tho' the Angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the Universe on their side."

Following is Brother Manley's views on Divorce and Remarriage. He has the Baptism of the Holy Spirit as in Acts 2:4, an edited the Household of God:

DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE.

W. F. MANLEY.

"Who readeth, let him understand."—Matt. 24:15.

One extreme usually follows another. The vicious legislation on divorce has led to such vileness in human life that the purity of the family is almost a thing of the past. Impurity

among the people is so common in many places that it causes only a passing remark. This has been brought about by vile legislation and the courts.

Because of these conditions, many of God's people are teaching that while there is but one cause, or condition, given by our Lord for divorce, there is no permission for remarriage. And because of this false position taken, great injustice has been done to many of as true children of God as there are on earth. Like the pendulum of a clock, men swing from one extreme to the other continually.

Prejudice, or prejudging, because of the teaching of wrongly taught persons, so blinds one that they do not want to change their attitude; and will not carefully search the Scriptures to know the truth. There is no scripture in the New Testament for divorce, or putting away of either wife or husband, except the words of Our Lord Jesus, in Matt. 5:32 and Matt. 19:9. And we need no other; for his words are absolute. They will never pass away. He is the Judge of all, and will pass sentence on us all.

Both of these statements deal with putting away and marrying again. They do not deal with putting away only, but putting away and marrying again. There is no sin in a woman leaving her husband, if she remain unmarried to another. She can be reconciled to her husband. 1 Cor. 7:11.

Are you willing to carefully consider what our Lord said on this matter? If so, there is some probability of your understanding these plain, clear statements.

"But I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causes her to commit adultery." Matt. 5:32,

Here the Lord Jesus is speaking of a woman, or wife, put away; who, because she is sent froh her home, is caused to marry another man to obtain another home. The Lord says that her husband caused her to commit adultery, unless he had put her away for fornication. If so, he did not cause her to commit adultery. As long as she remained single it could not be said of her that she had committed this sin. You see that until the remarriage, there could be no sin attached to either party. Now Jesus says he is guilty of causing this act of sin, unless he put her away for fornication. Then he is clear of being the cause of the sin of putting away an innocent, pure woman: thus exposing her to be allured away by other men.

Then Jesus refers to the man she married, all in the same

double sentence, "And whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery." This refers to the innocent wife put away by the husband who is guilty of causing her to commit this sin. The man who marries a wife put away without cause, marries another man's wife: the putting away not severing the marriage vow, or being recognized of God. But if the wife was put away for fornication, the husband is clear of causing his wife to commit the sin, she being no longer his wife. He has permission from Jesus Christ to put her away. And the man who married her that was put away for cause, given by the Lord of Glory, has not married another man's wife, but a woman put away by the highest authority; and is not an adulterer.

"Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whose marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery." Matt .19:9.

In this scripture, our Lord further deals with the man who put away an innocent wife, "whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication and marries another committeth adultery." This is a clear statement by our Lord, that if he put her away for fornication, and shall marry another, he is not an adulterer. He put away a wife who had violated her marriage vow, and who had become a prostitute. He is permitted to put her away by the Lord Jesus; and she ceases to be his wife. So he may marry another, and not be guilty of the sin of adultery. This is what our Lord declares in this matter.

You can see that in putting away an innocent wife our Lord declares he causeth her to commit adultery. If sheis a guilty wife, he, in putting her away, did not cause her to commit the sin. And in neither case is he charged with having committed adultery. The exception, then, in the foregoing scripture, is not in reference to the putting away, but to the marrying again. If he he marry again, he is guilty, except he had put her away for fornication. Then he is not guilty of that crime.

A person must be exceeding blind who cannot see that this is exactly what the Lord Jesus teaches in thts scripture.

In this scripture, our Lord reiterates what He has declared in the former scripture. "And whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery," except she was put away for fornication. If she was put away in innocence she is still the first man's wife; but if she is guilty, the husband had permission to put her away, and marry another. So then she is no more the

wife of her former husband. And if a man marry her he has not committed adultery. The exception in both of these scriptures is to the remarrying, and not to the putting away. That is, the parties are guilty of adultery, or causing it, except the wife was put away for fornication. In all this scripture, the only crime alleged is adultery, or causing it. You, surely can see that until remarriage this crime could not be alleged. But this crime is alleged in each and every case cited, except the wife was put away for fornication. In that case there is no crime committed in remarriage by any of the parties.—Household of God.

CHAPTER III.

Launched on the Sea of Life—Under Sealed Orders—Marriage with Isaiah L. Van Dyke—Move to St. Louis—My Conversion and Call to Evangelistic Work—We Adopt an Infant—My Husband's Death—Move Back to Texarkana, Arkansas.

Our Saviour in pouring out His precious blood for our everlasting salvation, said: "I am exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Scripture tells us that even Jesus "learned obedience by things which he suffered."

We read in Heb. 12:9-14 "that God chastises us that we might be partakers of His holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord," "and though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, but afterwards it yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby."

I shall never cease to praise God that I am one of them, that was exercised thereby. I hame missed a great many things in this life, but I could not afford to miss seeing my Saviour's face.

I once read of a magnificent ship being sunk in order to save it from the flames of fire. When it was raised strange to say it was scarcely damaged. When I read of the incident I said, "and the Lord had to sink me in sorrow to save me from the flames of hell."

When I was about seventeen years old, Mr. I. L. Van Dyke of New York City, paid me marked attention, which I received very gratefully, for my heart was sad and lonely for a "Little bit of love."

Mr. Van Dyke was a man of unusual beauty of person, and of brilliant intellect. He dressed handsomely, and cultivated most captivating manners. He drove the finest team in town, and invited me to drive and attend theatres and other places of amusements with him. I flattered myself I had made quite a "catch" and that I might yet find happiness in human love. But it is only found in God.

At the age of eighteen and a few months I was married with Isaiah L. Van Dyke of New York.

We were married at the First Presbyterian Church of Texarkana, Texas, by Pastor Wigins. All I can remember about the marriage rite, as I stood before the minister a broken hearted girl, was the comforting solemn words, in clear distinct tones, "marriage is honorable and the bed undefiled."

Isaiah L. Van Dyke

After we were married we ate supper with a few friends at mother's home and then went to our apartments, where Mr. Van Dyke had also prepared to entertain some friends. We spent a very pleasant evening.

Upon retiring, there was such an intolerable stench, I was almost ready to faint. When I began to search the room and question him as to what it could be, he frankly confessed that it was a bad disease he had contracted in his youth by illicit intercourse with evil women, and said it was incurable. For he had been under treatment with some of the most prominent doctors of venereal disease without success for seven or eight years. He further stated that he had been informed by the best medical authorities, that there was no danger of transmitting the disease to his wife after what are called the primary and secondary stages. The later being usually confined to the first five or six years following the infection. That in his case the disease had attacked the blood and bone, and the great danger would be in transmitting it to his offspring.

No words at my command could tell what anguish of mind I suffered that night. I could not sleep for thinking of that eating sore on my darling's arm. The flesh was litterally rotting off of the bone. When I dozed a little it was to dream that I had that dreadful disease. I had married him "for better or for worse" and promised before God and the holly angels and all those people in the church that I would care for him, "in sickness and in health." Then I would think, "if I run away from him, what will the people think?" I had just so recently been deserted by one who had promised to leave all others and cleave unto me. I could not make up my mind to leave him, though I was frightened almost to death to have him come near me for fear I would be infected with that dreadful disease, and our children, if born, would be cursed as Job was not.

I had a very dear lady friend who had just lost her life by infection with this disease, and her little babe bore it in its tender little body before it was born the curse and the terrible punishment of the sins of the father. The little thing never lived, (under the direction I believe of a merciful Creator) the life of the fetus died out with its birth and it was buried with its mother. Ah! it is pitiably sad, that tender little babies must stretch their little limbs in agony, with their little toe nails and finger nails bleeding and hanging by the quick, while their little eyes and hearts weep tears of blood; but these can not wash

away the black sin of their fathers, which polluted their very organization with the poison which is the penalty for a life of impurity—the poison which once in the system is ineradicable. O! fathers, do you not know that God is a jealous God, "visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." No reform can purge this disease from the system, and here repentance avails nothing.

Would any pure woman want to take a man infected with this loathsome disease to her arms? But what was I to do? When I married him I was igorant of the condition of his physical health. After a restless night of agonizing prayer to God for protection against this awful disease, and that He would close my womb and never let me become a mother, I decided to stand by what I believed to be my duty, and be his faithful wife and tender nurse until death parted us. I want to say to the honor of His glorious grace, and the praise of His glorious name, that God has protected me from disease, and even death in a most miraculous manner, as all who read the following chapters will acknowledge.

Shortly after we were married I was rummaging through Mr. Van Dyke's old letters and found a clipping of a colum from a New York daily telling all about the Van Dyke suicide. His father, who was a very dissipated man, after breaking his young wife's heart, who died when my husband was a small child, died by his own hand in one of the large hotels in New York.

His step-mother used to say, that Isaiah was following in his father's steps and no doubt would end his life as he did. No one but my Lord knows what an anxious care he was to my heart. My burden for his soul was so heavy at times I could not hardly live.

I also learned shortly after I married Mr. Van Dyke that he, too, had acquired the fatal appetite for liquor and tobacco. He was constantly under the influence of liquor, claiming that the benumbing effect of liquor and tobacco enabled him to forget his awful fate. I bore my burden, and concealed it from every one for years. What I have related and must relate in the following chapters is like probing into an old wound. But realizing as we do that somewhere and somewhen we will be held strictly accountable not only for all the wrongs we have done, but for all we have failed to prevent, our accountability being measured by the depth of our knowledge, and by the talents in our keeping. "We can not but speak the things which

we have seen and heard." Usually a case of venereal disease is concealed more jealously than a crime would be, and when serious complications, and even death follow, the specific origin is denied or withheld by the victim, the nurse, and the doctor. And they call it appendicitis, or something else. The only remedy by which this widespread evil can be cured is by complete knowledge of the terrible results of the sin of unchastity. God says, "my people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Hosea 4:6.

"Morality and pure living have few champions whose loyalty can stand the final test. The church itself is full of slothfulness, insincerity and covered sin. The public standard of morals, when all the returns are in, is low."

I once thought that there were chapters and chapters in my life that only myself and my God would read. But I am sure there are people in the world who are passing through the same trials that I have passed through—are suffering as I have suffered, and are longing for sympathy and comfort. I am not writing a novel, but a true story of my own life under the direction of the "God of all comfort." Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." 2 Cor. 1:3, 4.

I know I shall be criticised. Every onward step means more testing, more opposition, more persecution and stirring up of the devil and his forces; they will gnash their teeth in rage that his infamies are exposed. But from behind all the discouragements of the task, and throughout all the weariness of the struggle that is before me, beams forth this brilliant promise, which constantly refreshes my soul: "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep!"

It is my "reasonable service to offer myself a living sacrifice" for Him who first sacrificed Himself for me. I believe it is the spirit of truth which inspires me to send forth this true story, in the hope that others may be saved from sin and its blighting effects. "God needs best men to help Him," but in the final windup of things, "if the efforts of best men fail, there are still the everlasting arms which will gather the harvest of good and bad, and enfold all that is worthy of nobility and of the crown of life. The embrace will repay every effort and every energy spent in keeping one child or ten thousand children pure and true."

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In a few months after Mr. Van Dyke and I were marreid, he took a position with the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company and we went to St. Louis to live. I spent many a sad and lonely hour in St. Louis before I was converted. Though he took me back to my old home, Texarkana, Arkansas, often, and to ride, and to the theatres, baseball games, beer gardens, yatching excursions and horse races, thinking that would divert my mind and cheer me up; but none of these things comforted my broken heart. Occasionally he took me to sacred concerts and to hear Talmage and the other great preachers who visited St. Louis. But somehow I never learned from their elaborate discourses that there was hope for one like me. I was under self-condemnation and the condemnation of a Holy God, for the sins of my youth, and yet I cannot remember that anyone ever spoke a word to me about my personal salvation. I mourned for years to know God in the pardon of my sins. One day while reading a little book written by Pansy, entitled, "The Pocket Measure," I was lead to close the book, and kneel in prayer and confess my sins. I told the Lord if he wold take away my burden of sin and sorrow, I would never cease to praise Him, and that everyone who lived within the reach of my influence should know what a Savior I had found. Instantly I was filled with joy and peace in beleveing. I received my commission then and there, "to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised." I united with the People's Congregational Church; Rev. George W. Adams was the pastor. I went into active Christian work at once, devoting my home, my spare time, and means and all my ransomed powers to the service of God.

We adopted an infant from the Baptist Orphans' Home in St. Louis. The Lord closed my womb, but he has given me a mother heart. I have spiritual sons and daughters all over the land, but I never loved my own flesh as I did little Maude. After Mr. VanDyke's death a committee called upon me to see if I wanted to give Maude back to the Home. I never dreamed of such a thing. From the time she first came to us, a little budget of sunshine, till now, she has been a lovely dream—a choice flower. She always told me her secrets, and when she met the man she loved she candidly broke the news to me, saying, "let us commit it to God, Mamma, I will never marry anyone without your consent;" and we fished up his pedigree. So, on the 1st of July, 1903, she was married to Dr. W. M. Chavis, who

was the one man in all the world to her. She is now a beautiful woman and the mother of three sweet little children.

When we bought our little home out on Bell Ave., the People's Congregational Church gave me a letter to the Washington and Compton Ave. Presbyterian Church, Dr. Brooks was the pastor. The following note was sent to me by Judge Selden P. Spencer who was Dr. Brooks' son-in-law, and a member of the session of the Washington and Compton Avenue Presbyterian Church. The note was written during my dear husband's last sickness:

St. Louis, January 9, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Van Dyke:—

Your request that the Lord's people remember your husband and yourself in prayer was brought before the congregation of the Washington and Compton Ave. Presbyterian Church last night, and though no name was given I feel sure many a silent prayer was offered while Dr. Brooks prayed that God's saving power might be about your husband, and that both he and you might feel confidently the truth "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Heb. xiii-5. Won't you send your present address either to me or Dr. Brooks, 3654 Pine street, that both pastor and session may call upon you in this hour of your sorrow. I am, in His Name,

Yours, Very truly,

Selden P. Spencer.

Mr. Van Dyke only lived a little over five years after we were married. In answer to effectual fervent prayer he was soundly converted to God a short time before his death, and took the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with Dr. Brooks, Judge Selden P. Spencer and myself on his dying bed. If all the Bibles were to be destroyed the memory of the manifestation of God's power during his short sickness and death, would be sufficient to keep my faith in God brightly burning through the darkest, deepest night. The Lord revealed His bright countenance to him on the counterpane. He was plucked as a brand from the eternal burnings at the eleventh hour. His was the most remarkable conversion I ever witnessed. I had been holding weekly prayer meeting in our home for years, the prayer of my heart was that my people and my husband might be saved, even, if the answer had to be sent in the winding sheet. Although he had not attended any religious meetings, but on the contrary had been to Chicago on a business trip and contracted

a heavy cold dissipating. When he came in he said, "It is all up with me, I can't hold out against God any longer, and all I will have to do is to change my filthy rags for Chirst's seamless robe of Righteousness," and he was taken with a slight chill which very rapidly developed into typhoid pneumonia. God made me to know this was his last sickness, though everything was done that kind and skilled physisians could do. He shouted God's praises as long as his feeble health would permit, and then he would ask me to help him praise the Lord, and he wanted me to tell the mail carrier and every guest that called, that he was sweetly saved. The whole house was filled with the glory and presence of God, during his sickness and death. His lasts words were "Mother! Mother! Jesus! Blessed Jesus!" It was the most triumphant death bed scene I ever witnessed.

We called a consultation of doctors while my dear one lay hovering between life and death. I heard the counsel tell Dr. W. L. Galloway, who was our family physician, that there was not a sound spot in his lungs as large as a dollar.

Mr. VanDyke knew his end was near and talked so sweetly to me about his departure and about my future and told me to live for God. If he should recover he would assist me in my good work; that if it were God's will for him to live how glad he would be for life was sweet, but if not, Let His Will Be Done. That all was well. He praised God constantly. His step-mother told me that he told her when we were visiting her in New York a few months before his death that my devotion to God was beautiful to him, that he could not put a finger on a fault in my life. How true the proverb, "Love is blind." She said his mother was a beautiful Christian; that just before she died she had all her children brought to her bedside and carressed them and bade them good bye, and put her gentle hand on their sweet little heads and blessed them and prayed Almighty God to take care of them. She had her son, Isaiah, brought last and as she carressed him she prayed in words like these: Father I want you to see to it that my little son makes the journey safe and meets me on the other shore.

How true it is. He is the God "that hears prayer." His father married a noble Scotch lady who tenderly reared and educated those three precious girls and did all she could for Isaiah, the boy. She used to hire him for twenty-five cents an evening to stay in doors after tea and read instead of running the streets. When she was told by her parents they would dis-

inherit her if she would not leave her husband who was so dissipated and come home, she told them she could not leave those motherless children. She took in washing and took care of them—and God took care of her. After her husband took his life her parents gave her her inheritance. His three sisters are beautiful women; they have entertained me in their comfortable homes in Philadelphia and New York. I hope we will meet in Our "Father's house of many mansions." "There shall be no night there." The night is the emblem and the reality of darkness, of mystery, of gloom. It is always associated with ignorance and error, with wandering from the true path and weary sarch for the safe way. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. Rev. 21:4.

"And the sea gave up its dead." Rev. 20:13.

I am writing under the shadow of a great sorrow that has been thrust upon us by the fell disaster—that greatest of all disasters of the sea, the sinking of the ill-fated Titanic. While death is making such heavy drafts on human life, it is well for one and all to heed the admonition, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

There is a time coming to us all when our souls will be in darkness and dispair if we cannot turn to the Great Shepherd of the heavenly fold with cheerful and triumphant faith and say, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Human friends can do much to prepare each other for the journey through the valley of the shadow of death. I went hand in hand with my dear one to the very brink of the cold river which rolls between this and the unseen land. I sat at his back and supported his dying form about four hours. Sister Dowdel, one of our kind Christian neighbors, told me henceforth I must go and smooth the dying pillows of the poor.

O, yes! we may do much to soothe and sustain each other as the last awful hour draws near. But there is a point beyond which human help can not go. Everyone must advance to meet the great and final foe with no human hand on which to lean. We must turn away our face from our earthly friends, and pass in under the deep shadow of eternity without their company. Each individual must stand exposed to the dread arrow of the

Great Destroyer, with none to turn aside the shaft. And, yet in that awful hour we need not find ourselves alone. There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He has been all the way through the valley of the shadow of death, and returned to tell us that it is safe for the feet of them who follow Him.

Though my dear husband was a vile sinner, Jesus did not leave him to grope in vain for His hand when the night of death was around him. But He came and brought his angel mother's spirit with Him to conduct him through the swellings of Jordon. We saw the love light in his eyes, and heard him exclaim, "Mother! Mother! Jesus! Blessed Jesus!" He died with the music of Jesus name upon his lips.

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
'Ere He found His sheep that was lost."

CHAPTER IV.

Storm Tossed—Mother's Dream—Move Back to Texarkana—My People All Come Out of the Catholic Church.

Mr. VanDyke, though a great sinner, did all that he could to make my life happy. He would often send free passes to my people for them to visit me. My young sister, Lola, went to the Visitation Convent to school, and my only brother, Will, went to the Christian Brothers College in St. Louis. They spent their vacation days with us which gave me much pleasure, and my dear little niece, Marguerite, spent months at a time with us, to our great delight. It was my privilege to nurse my sister, Mrs. O'Donnell, through a seige of nine weeks, I believe it was, of typhoid fever. She had some very fine friends in St. Louis, as long as she was well with pletny of money and able to dress handsomely and attend their social functions. But when they learned that she was stretched upon her bed very ill, with typhoid fever, they were afraid to come in the house. God pity and save other women situated as she was from such friends. I nursed her almost single-handed both day and night withuot taking the fever, though it was a great strain upon me. Weeks after she had gone home I would imagine I heard her call me and would get up in the night and go to her room.

There are some things we may know.

"I know that passion needs,
The lash of a sober mind,
I konw that generous deeds,
Some sure reward will find.
That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase,
That duty lights the way,
For the beautiful steps of peace."

In the summer of 1889, Mr. VanDyke took me to New York and Philadelphia to visit his sisters and step-mother. He left me with his step-mother, a noble Scotch lady, and his sisters to spend the season at Ocena Grove, New Jersey. He came back to St. Louis. I had been home only a few months when he died, Jan. 14, 1890. He carreid a life insurance of two thousand dollars to protect me and assist me in raising and educating little Maude, who was just three years old when he died. His step-mother, Mrs. J. M. VanDyke, came on from New York to his funeral, and my mother, Mrs. F. R. Brownlee, came from Texarkana, and was with me during his sickness and death, and my precious brother assisted me faithfully in nursing him and other kind friends came with sweet words of comfort and offerings of sympathy and love, and I feel assured of the fact they were sent by one who never forsakes or forgets. Dr. Brooks conducted the funeral services. We laid the beloved clay at rest in Bellfountain Cemetery. A granite stone bearing the date of his birth and death and the following inscription marks his resting place:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John 11:25.

The night before Mr. VanDyke died mother dreamed the same dream twice and was so deeply impressed with it that she believed it was given to her of God. The Bible says, " old men (old people) shall dream dreams." As near as I can remember this is what she told me she dreamed. She said, "I dreamed I was walking along on mirey ground by the side of a steep, rocky bluff. In trying to climb up this steep bluff I would catch hold of little twigs which would not support me, and looking up I saw little Maude running to meet me, and she took me by the hand but was unable to assist me up the steep and rough bluff. I was almost exhausted and ready to give up, when I saw you,

Becca, coming to meet me, and taking me by the hand you led me safely up the rough cliff to a large smooth level tract of land where there were most beautiful trees to rest under, and the ground was smooth for my feet." She told me she firmly believed the Lord gave her the dream showing her that little Maude and I were to go home with her and live, and that Maude and I would be used to lead her and her family into the light of the religion of Jesus Christ. That the manifestation of God's grace and power during Mr. VanDyke's sickness and death proved to her beyond a doubt that there was a reality in my religion. And she and her family would come out of the Roman Catholic Church at once, and accept the simple gospel. So I decided to go back to Texarkana with her. She and my sister, Mrs. O'Donnell, wanted me to buy an interest in their millinery and dressmaking establishment which by this time had grown to be a lucrative business. This was very much against my wishes, for I wanted to take my little adopted child and go and live in a good school and fit myself for a life of greater usefulness in God's service, and it was against the judgment of Judge Selden P. Spencer, who was taking care of my financial interest. He said, "I would never realize the money I invested with them," if I ever got it back it would be in "chips and whet stones." That they were too heavily in debt for my small investment to do them any good."

They owed the firm of King, Brinsmaid & Co., in St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Harry King, Jr., said to me, "if you were as religious as you represent yourself to be you would help yeour mother and sister pay their debts." And Mrs. O'Donnell urged me to relieve mother's mind by investing some of my money in their business. When you are tempted to "rob Peter to pay Paul," don't take advice from Paul. The chances are he will be biased. They took stock and offered me a third interest for eight hundred dollars. I could not stand the persuation, and I sent a note by my sister to Judge Spencer to pay her eight hundred dollars. I never even got a receipt for it. Whenever I would need money for any purpose for myself or little adopted daughter, they would tell me "not to cripple the business," but to draw on Judge Spencer for my personal needs. I left ample means with him to pay all bills that might be presented against my husband. Though he said, "the law does not require you to pay your hushusband's debts," and I would need my means to educate my adopted daughter. I told him "I was not under the law but

under grace. That God had heard my prayer for Mr. VanDyke and saved his soul, and I did not want one penny to stand against his dear name. Although he contracted the debts dissipating while living in sin, and I was in nowise connected with them." Judge Selden P. Spencer paid his debts and sent me a statement, and I paid him fifty dollars for his services. The Missouri Pacific Railway Co. gave me passes for mother and myself to go to Texarkana, and for Mother VanDyke to return home from the funeral. They shipped my household goods free of charge to Texarkana. This enabled me to furnish up comfortable quarters upstairs over our store where we all lived. Mother boarded the girls who worked in the store..

One night mother came to my room and told me she was quite sure she heard a man's voice in one of the girls rooms and that she had not slept all night. It was then about 2 o'clock in the morning. I arose hastily and went to the young woman's room and knocked on her door demanding an entrance at once. She came to the door in her night dress and feigned perfect innocence, even made as though she was ignorant of what I could mean by disturbing her at such an hour, and, when I told her, she was highly indignant that I should make such an inference on her spotless character. Her room was perfectly dark. I pushed her aside and went in to search the room and crouched up in the corner was a great big policeman "armed to the teeth." He put his pistol up in my face and I heard it snap. I went running through the house alarming the girls who came running to my room; and I said, "let us pray and ask God to protect us." For the policeman, as well as she and another woman who had come from St. Louis with her, were all drinking, and were very angry at mother and me . After praying very earnestly, I told them I would run to the Central office and call the chief to come to our help. Mother, Mrs. O'Donnell, and myself, all being widows we did not have the protection of a man. I ran just as I was dressed, and saw one man on the streets whom I sent upstairs to get the policeman out, and when I returned, I peeped through a crack in the partition and there he sat up to the table drinking wine, and smoking with them. It took until about eight o'clock next morning before we with the assistance of officers and citizens could get the policeman out of the house. Mother discharged the two women at once, who wrote back an ugly threatening letter the next day. It was a long time before I recovered from this shock. One night my

window went up of itself on account of the weight being too heavy. My brother, who is somewhat of a wit, was sleeping across the hall from me. I cried out, "Will, come hear quick." He drolled out, "Becca, you must never call me like that, you must holloa; men, men, come quick! You know burglars would not be afraid of a boy like me."

After I had been with them in the store for a little over two years, I was then informed by mother and Mrs. O'Donnell they had decided not to have me for a partner in the business. This was a crushing disappointment to me for I knew they had made lots of money. They have long since retired from business. Besides investing my money I had also worked very hard mak-accordian pleated skirts, using great heavy tailors' smoothing irons to press with; cleaning and making over dresses and doing anything that came to hand in our line of business, and when I needed cash I would draw on what I left in St. Louis.

When my health failed, a dear girlhood friend, Mrs. Mame Hodgins, whose husband was a conductor, came to see me and said, "Rebecca, when Will comes in I will draw fifty dollars and go with you to Hot Springs. That is a good place to go for a broken heart." Dr. Rooks was giving me the nastiest medicine I ever swallowed. So I seized the opportunity and came to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where I am now writing the story of my life. At that time I wrote the following prayer in my Bible:

Hot Springs, Ark., April 23, 1890.

"Dear Precious Jesus, blessed friend, make and keep me willing to let you keep the house of my nature. Closely scrutinize every visitor and admit only your friends. I lay the blank page of my life before God in prayer for Him to fill out as He please. Father, Son and Holy Ghost, help me to be faithful to the end. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart that I may discern between good and bad."

I went under treatment with Dr. Charles Dake. Some of my good friends told him all that ailed me, was I was going crazy on religion.

I called on Dr. Dake the other day and thanked him for some kind advice he gave me more than twenty years ago. I told him I was more crazy now on the subject of religion than I was then, but hoped he was not any more profane.

I remember he abused me for asking him if it could be possible that I was infected with that dreadful disease Mr. Van-

Dyke had. He said I ought to have sense enough to know if I had ever had the first symptom of it, I would not need a doctor to tell me. I would be the first one to know it. He said, "I was almost a nervous wreck, and needed rest and recreation more than anything else." I could not sleep at night and asked him if a little weak toddy wouldn't be good for me on retiring. He said he had been a wicked man, but did not want to be held accountable for starting me out to be a drunkard. He told me not to touch it. And he abused me for dipping snuff, which was good of him. I have been entirely freed from this filthy habit by the power of God. I spent about two months here, took the baths, and went back quite another person. I drew about a hundred dollars from Judge Spencer for my expenses which I have never regretted.

For my two years labor and the eight hundred dollars I was supposed to have invested in mother and sister's business, I may have received a hundred dollars, but if I did it was in "chips and whet stones," as Judge Spencer said. It seemed as if mother and sister thought they were in the right to use my money, and treat me as they did.

Though my mother acted thus, she was a good-hearted woman. God must have permitted it for my exercise. She was most charitable. Never were the needy turned from her door. She sometimes gave beyond her ability, for she had a large family to maintain, yet did not fail in her faith.

Ten or fifteen years before mother's death she made everything she had over toMrs. O'Donnell. She was as dependent upon her as a little child. Sometimes she would walk to my house and go beyond her strength, and I woul give her street car fare to ride back home.

Mother, my sister Lola, my niece Marguerite, brother Will, and myself all united with the Baptist Church soon after Mr. VanDyke's death. My sister, Mrs. O'Donnell, united with the Presbyterian Church.

Five or six years before mother's death she seemed to live a sweet, happy Christian life. Though she owned nothing in this world, she was "rich in faith," and in that child-like nature, without which, Jesus said: "Ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Matt. 18:30. She was on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Callie Wright, who lives near Hot Springs, Ark., when she died, May 21, 1909, at the age of seventy-six.

Before leaving home she requested Mrs. O'Donnell to buy my sister, Mrs. Wright, a farm with some of her life insurance

money, which was made to Mrs. O'Donnell, in case of her death. I belive this was under the direction of God. Her's was a needy case; they were poor, and she is the mother of thirteen children.

We came to Hot Springs form Georgia a few months ago. When I visited my sister, Mrs Wright, I was glad to learn that mother had inscribed some beautiful lines of instruction in holy living for me on the fly-leaf of her Bible, with a statement that she wanted me to have her Bible. I praise God for my mother's legacy.

I trust her dream has come to pass,
That she's escaped the mirey clay,
The winter's chilling blast,
That her feet have found a resting place
On that smooth high plain at last.

CHAPTER V.

In the Furnace of Afflictions—A Valuable Bank Note—"Commit Thy Way Unto the Lord; Trust Also in Him, and He shall Bring it to Pass." Psalm 37:4.

When I was first converted I knew not how to study the Bible. The Lord had compassion on my ignorance and quickened the fourth verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm to me. "Delight thyself in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart." I stepped out on this promise. My heart's desire was that my people and my dear husband might be saved at any cost. I delighted myself in the Lord and His glad service. And I never doubted but that He woul give me my heart's desire.

"Faith cannot be unanswered.
Her feet were firmly planted on the rock,
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows the Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries it shall be done—Sometime—somewhere."

I contracted unclean habits of body and mind in my youth, lying, using snuff and tobacco, my sins were hidden. I was self-willed and vain. I served the devil faithfully until I was about tweney years old. You may know the enemy of all good would not give up so good a servant without a struggle. But by much prayer and reading of the Word and separating myself as much

as possible from my old life, I kept myself in the love of God. My husband would take me to the beer gardens and wine rooms and want me to drink something. I would order a glass of water. Where sin had abounded grace did much more abound.

Miss Ellen M. Maunder, a missionary from the Pilgrim's Congregational Church in St. Louis, was a great help to me in my young Christian life. She visited me often, took me with her to church, let me help her in the work of the Lord whenever she could. She held me up and encouraged me, until I got wisdom enough to see, and grace to walk in the way of life.

I gave "coffee clotches" in my home and invited friends and acquaintances from far and near, and invited Miss Maunder to lead these meetings and give Bible readings, after which I would serve refreshments. When I visited Miss Maunder (now Mrs. Dr. W. L. Galloway) sixteen years later, she told me the work we did in the West End still abides.

One time I told some ladies that Maude was my own child. Miss Maunder told me that was wrong to tell a lie about the child being my own when she was an adopted child. Satan was whispering in my ear, "you have a right to tell a lie if you aim thereby to do good to the church or somebody else."

I did not take Miss Maunder's advice then, but the Holy Spirit, "which is the spirit of truth," followed me faithfully and brought her advice to my remembrance years afterwards. His tender care has recovered me from all such vicious habits. Praise God's Holy Name.

"The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idoltars, and all liars, shall have thir part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." Rev. 21:8.

While my dear husband's dead body was lying on the cooling board in our home on Byard Ave., St. Louis, Mo., I received a roll of money by the hands of a city messenger, who said a stranger on Olive Street had instructed him to place it in my hands. I hesitated, telling him it could not be for me. He examined the name and number and said he was hired to deliver it to me, and asked me to please sign his book. When I examined the package more closely, I saw it was wrapped around with a slip of paper upon which was written in a ladies handwriting, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." Psalms 37:5. I saw this was the next promise I was to claim.

I think it was the big-hearted railroad men who worked in the office with Mr. VanDyke, who made up the purse and sent it through Miss Webber, my husband's stenographer, and a devoted Christian friend of mine.

At Mr. VanDyke's death I was perfectly reconciled to the will of God. Though I felt I had lost the only real friend I had ever known, except my mother, to fill up my empty heart I plunged deeper and deeper into Christian work.

HOW I BECAME A RESCUE WORKER.

When Dixson Williams was holding a meeting in Texarkana I adopted a rule to try to speak to all who came in our store about their soul and invited them to the meeting. I invited May Smith, who kept a house of "Ill-Fame," to come to the meeting. She said, "don't ask me to go to church. There is no religion in flocking up to that shed by the hundreds and a poor dying woman down there in a shanty by me who has not seen a woman's face for six months." Then she told me how that very day the man who kept this poor unfortunate woman had been in to see her in regard to preparing her body for burial, at death, and if she would take two children. I saw the force of this woman's argument against so-called Christianity, and decied to go at once to this poor creature's assistance. I found everything just as May Smtih told me, and a great deal worse. I drew up close to the bed and told her I had come to tell her that God for Christ's sake would forgive her sins if she was sorry she had done so wickedly, and that I would take the place of the man with whom she had been living in sin, and provide a nurse and a good physician, and take good care of her children and see to it that all their needs were met. She told me her sad story, gasping for breath, how her husband had deserted her, and she tried to earn a respectable living for herself and two children. Her health had failed her from constantly running the sewing machine, and she accepted the proposition to live in sin with this man and get a support for herself and two children. The features of the dying woman were sin distorted and passion marred, and when she finished her story she turned back the covers and showed me the ravages of sin. Her emaciated form hardly bore the resembltnce to a human body. Her vital organs were eaten up and could not perform their functions, and instead of her food being digested and passing through the bowels, it would come out through the vagina. It was necessary to cover the nose and mouth with a bandage

in oredr to attend her. We did everything for her that could be done. She was deeply grateful and very penitent, and bore every evidence of being a truly saved soul. She sent for her enemies to ask their forgiveness for anything they might hold against her. She only lived about three weeks. When death came upon her she sent for the man with whom she had been living in sin and insisted upon him staying to see her die. She was in the throes of death about seven hours. I sat at her back supporting her dying form and with each labored breath came a piteous sob of regret that she had lived such a life. I was criticised for telling this poor woman that she could be saved. Jesus said, "He that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out," and I am sure he could not turn away this poor woman who would frequently lift up her hands and plead for forgiveness. We gave her a Christian burial and laid her away tenderly in Rose Hill cemetery, Texarkana, Texas.

A blessed good man took the little girl to raise (the boy ran away), and sent me her picture taken in the attitude of prayer. As this sweet-faced child looks at me from these pages she says, "go on be faithful and many a poor girl who might have been missing, will sparkle throughout eternity with the righteousness of Christ." I am glad this precious child fell into my hands instead of May Smith's. She has married nicely and has a happy home in one of our southern cities. This is how I came to meet Mr. Fox. He sought me out at church and asked me if I were Mrs. VanDyke who was taking care of this poor unfortunate woman and gave me some money to use in caring for her and asked permission to join the praise service to be held in her house and to go with me to the jail and protect me in this work and in the slums and street work . We were married March 16, 1892, in the Baptist Church of Texarkana, Texas, by Pastor Forbes.

I gave Mr. Fox two hundred and fifty dollars, all the money I had left of the two thousand, to put with his to buy us a home place in Fair View, Texarkana, Arkansas. We both worked very hard and practiced very rigid economy and soon had a comfortable home, a cow and chickens and everything to make life happy and enjoyable.

About a year after we were married, Mr. Fox mortgaged the place for five hundred dollars to buy tools to do business for himself. He was a tinner and worked for Chastfield & Burnham. A few months afterwards he left Texarkana and went back to Pennsylvania, to where his people live, and lost our home finally.

I rescued this little girl from the slums of Texarkana. Found her sleeping on a pile of dirty rags, by the bedside of her mother, a poor sinner, who had not seen a woman's face for months, and dying with a nameless disease.

We sojourned in the east about ten years. I have had the privilege of doing evangelistic work in thirteen states of the Union and in working with some of the leading men and women of God in this country, and of hearing the great preachers from London, England, , in Boston, Mass., as they exchanged pulpits with the learned men of that city. I have also made a special study of the condition of districts stricken by poverty in the great cities. God was preparing me for my life work.

"His purpose will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

The most bitter cup from which a woman ever drank was pressed to my lips during these years, but I "received every inward and outward trouble, every disappointment, pain, uneasi-

ness, temptation, darkness and desolation, with both my hands, as a true opportunity and blessed occasion of dying to self, and entering into a fuller fellowship with my self-denying, suffering Savior.'"

My pen almost fails me today, as my heart has many times failed me when I thought of this chapter, that I must write on the leaf torn from the book of my life. I had it written ready for the publishers a few years ago, when I published a brief history of my life and burned the manuscript. I shall not speak of the long persecutions, desertions, abuse and desolattion which I endured for almost ten years while residing in the east.

Some believe in a "called" ministery, some in a "sent" ministery. I have been "called," "sent" and "thrust" out into His work.

In 1902 the Lord thrust me back in my home town and native state, Texarkana, Ark., to do mission and rescue work in the neglected places of Arkansas. I was so glad to get back to my native home place after years of homesickness. "There is no place like home." No clime like the "Sunny South." I cannot tell my feelings when I learned that my sister, Mrs. O'Donnell, was angry at me for coming back to Texarkana, and would have no fellowship with me. Before I went away she used to be quite active in church work, and we enjoyed sweet fellowship together. But now she has grown rich and has need of nothing; "and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Rev. 3:11.

I opened up a millinery and dressmaking store out on State Line Ave., in that part of town known as Sand Flats, which was often infested with robbers. But Maude and I lived in two small rooms back of our store unmolested. We lived in the ninety-first psalm. Every night a big watch dog would come and lie down by our back door and go away in the morning. We supported ourselves and opened up a Gospel Mission on State Line Ave. and Broad Street, and was getting along nicely in my mission work; Maude and I had never gone hungry, although we had not received a penny from Mr. Fox for nine months. He followed us to Texarkana and renewed his attack. I closed the mission and went to Lewisville, Arkansas, to lift the standard there.

Lewisville has been a very wicked place. Many of the citizens hands are red with the blood of their fellowmen. The

Lord blessed my efforts from the very beginning, fire from Heaven fell and took in all classes, and leveled all ranks. Brother and Sister W. A. Wilson of the Baptist church were among the first to receive this wonderful out-pouring of God's love and power. They have been friends, indeed.

W. A. and CLARA WILSON

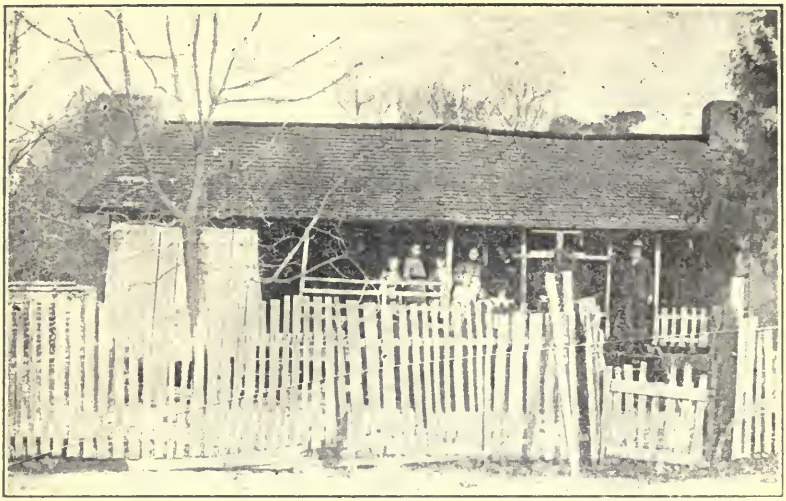
We went out in the country, in Howard County, the "Wild Cat" whiskey district. Many of these mountaineers are very poor and have large families and live in little shanties without any convenience for housekeeping. We are "circuit walkers." We have walked a distance of eight miles over the mountain trails holding meetings, and services in homes where they have not attended religious services for over a year. We find them very persevering with a great deal of natural ability. There is as much talent among these young people as there is in Boston, Mass., if they only had the chance. They are very hospitable. We go into sawmill towns and the swamps and river bottoms, and hold meetings for people who are shut away from church and school privileges.

Mr. Fox followed me in the mountains and renewed his persecutions. One time I hid in a smoke house when he was so enraged against me without a cause, and have taken refuge with my sister, Mrs. Wright, for months at a time when driven almost to desperation. She and her family have been brothers and sisters indeed, with power from on high. Her husband, T. B. Wright, told me "to stay with them as long as I would and eat when his 'chaps' eat and no one dare molest me or make me afraid." How often since has my soul thrilled with gratitude and love to my brother-in-law, as I have repeatedly recalled that invitation to visit their home. There were people who did not admit me in their homes on account of my husband's conduct toward me. And more than one minister has requested me to stay out of their meetings on acount of his attitude toward me. One minister advised that I retire from Christian work until he ceased to persecute me. I asked him what would have become of Methodism if Wesley had have retired from Christian work until his wife ceased to persecute him?" It was persecution that scattered the disciples and sent them everywhere preaching the Word. If only our consciences are clear and our hearts right before God, earthly calamity will prove a blessing—trial and suffering will make us strong.

As long as the church was persecuted and thousands a day sometimes were being martyred, she prospered and was holy and separate from sin, but when she became exalted and prosperous in the world's estimation, her glory departed.

In 1905, at Mr. Fox's earnest solicitations I joined him again at Punxsutawney, Pa., and did all in my power to help him get settled in God, and enable him to live a victorious Christian life. My efforts were fruitless. I know just as well how a deserted girl or woman feels as if I were in their place.

I spent the summer of 1905 in the East in the interest of Mission and Rescue work, recruiting missionaries and means. The Lord greatly blessed our efforts. I visited the Van Guards at Marvin Camp and their Mission and Missionary Headquarters in St. Louis, Mo., and was inspired by the work they were doing, giving men and women a practical Christian training and sending them out as foreign missionaries. While there I made up my mind I would introduce this idea in the south, carrying out the original idea the Lord gave me. That of combining Rescue work with Home Mission work. From this inspiration



This was my headquarters once for five months, when Mr. Fnx deserted me in the mountains of Howard County, Ark. My brother-in-law T. B. Wright, is in the door. My sister, her children and myself are on the porch.

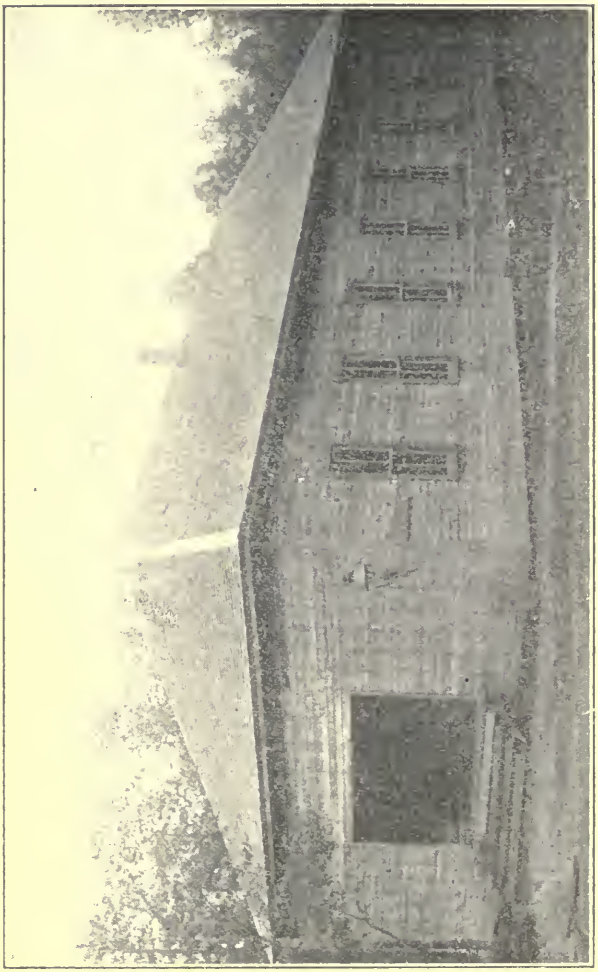
IN DARKEST ARKANSAS.—It seems there is a darkest Arkansas as well as there is a darkest Africa. Large families live in two room shanties. They "squat" on government land. I was once entertained where fourteen of us slept in one room.

The Fox Mission and Rescue Home come into being, founded by myself and co-laborers a few months later.

While in St. Louis I bought a Gospel Tent and chairs and gathered a band of missionaries, two men and three women, and came back in October, 1905. The railway company, on account of Mr. VanDyke's service with them, gave us missionary rates for our party and shipped our tent free.

We stopped at Mist and Hamburg, Arkansas, and held meetings, and visited my adopted daughter. The people of Hamburg treated us royally. Before we became acquainted with the people, a committee came to our tent when we were raising it and said Mr. Hunter Pryor invited us to go to the hotel, where we would have comfortable rooms and good board at the expense of the citizens. The second week they had us in their hospitable homes. I spent a delightful week with Mrs. Dean and made many other pleasant acquaintances. The following is a clipping from the Hamburg papeer:

"A small company of the religicus sect known as the Holiness People' are now holding a meeting in Hamburg for the first time in the history of the town, though they have been quite numerous in the Northern parishes of Louisiana for several years. The party here consits of Mrs. S. E. Fox, leader, of Texarkana, Mrs. Rhoda Rowsey, singer, of St. Louis, Mrs. Kate Hockaday, of Cincinnati, Miss Daisy Antrim, of Illinois, Mr. Allen White, of Boston and C. S. Peck, of St. Louis. They began their meeting in a tent Tuesday night with a good congregation and propose to continue indefinitely. Mrs. Fox, the leader of the little band, is a very pleasant and amiable conversationalist, a fluent public speaker, and wears the countenance of an honest believer in the faith she preaches. She says there are hypocrites and frauds in all denominations, and they can also be found among the 'Holiness People,' but she expresses the hope that the people will not pass judgment on the sect to which she belongs by this character of professors. She was born and raised in this State, has been in the east for the past two or three months engaged in reform work and is now making her way back to Texarkana, accompanied by the helpers above named. She has a daughter residing in this county, Mrs. Dr. W. M. Chavis, of Fountain Prairie, and is not an entire stranger in this community, though this is her first visit here as an evangelist of the faith she is promulgating."



Tabernacle at Lewisville, Ark., seating about one thousand people.

Before leaving St. Louis a woman gave me a hundred dollars to secure a home for myself and co-laborers, to be used as a Missionary Training and Rescue Home, with the understanding that she was to be taken care of during her confinement.

Upon our arrival in Texarkana, the first matter decided upon was the location. After prayer and considerable investigation the lot at 1413 County Ave., Texarkana, was secured. The lot had a small two room negro shanty on it, and we moved into it at once, making this our headquartrs. One of our missionaries, Brother C. S. Peck, being a carpenter, and serving God with a perfect heart and willing mind, and being just as willing to use a saw and hammer as to sing, or pray, we soon made the two room shanty habitable and ocupied it while we were repairing and adding to it. There was a great deal of hard work both mental and physical in connection with repairing and adding rooms, as rescue work is new and despised by a majority of the people in this section of the country. But by the strength of the strong arm of the our Lord Jehovah, and the assistance of His people in a few months we had a five room cottage, and had rescued, and cared for many precious souls.

Our little shelter being the only place in Texarkana where erring girls knew they could find friends and help at any time, day or night, we soon became crowded and incurred some debts, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, nursing the sick, and burying the friendless dead. In the fall of 1906 we went back to Boston, Mass., to raise money to lift the debts and enlarge the building. This was one home where "red tape" did not hinder helpfulness; any one needing shelter, food and clothing was welcomed and aided.

In the spring of 1907 we borrowed twelve hundred dollars from the Building and Loan Association and built a two story and a half house with bath and modern improvements. We moved our cottage back on the lot, this gave us in all, a chapel and twelve rooms.

A company of workers, men and women, would go into the slums and dives where men and women ongregate in sin, and hold services. And search the "scarlet district" for those who were tired of sin and wanted to be somebody for God, inviting them to come to the Mission Home, and to Jesus the sinners' friend.

There have been some of the most remarkable transformations effected by Almighty God at this Christian lighthouse ever

UNION SUNDAY SCHOOL, MINEOLA, ARK.
Is a sample of our work in rural districts.

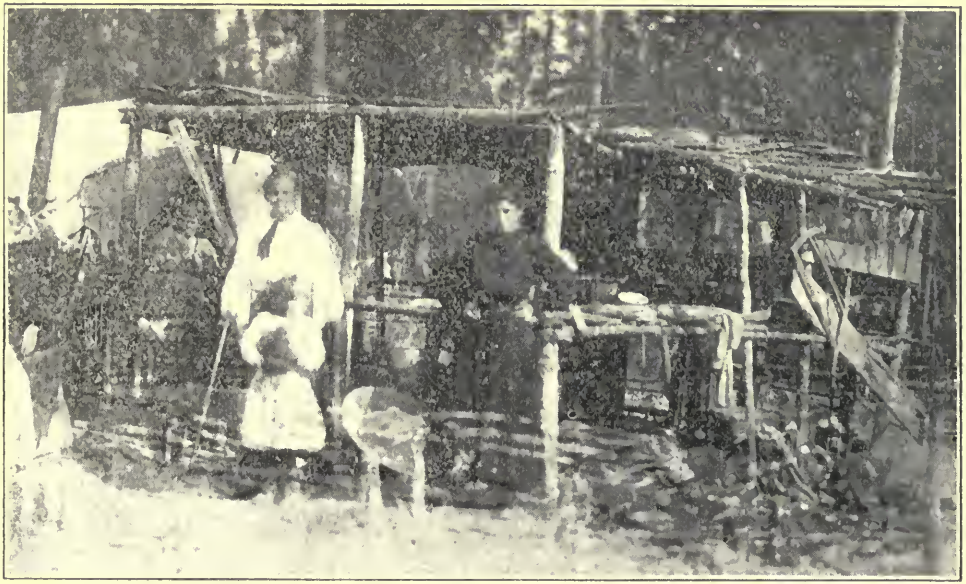
heard of . Some the most hopeless and helpless cases that could be imagined have been lifted up and their feet placed on the Rock of Ages. Men and women who have been a menace to the community, have been saved and transformed into good citizens.

During these years wonderful things transpired. It would be useless to try to tell the story here of those—to whom all seemed lost and who looked out into a friendless, hopeless future —who have found the Savior and with Him found hope, friends, employment and the blessed hope of the Glory of God. There have been many such, while even one would have paid for all the cost.

We went with our Gospel Tent and workers into new towns and log camps and communities where they were unable to support a minister or engage the services of an evangelist, holding meetings, organizing Sunday schools, visiting from house to house distributing Bibles, teaching the "grown-ups" to read, and inviting children to the Sunday schools, sometimes walking a distance of from four to eight miles over the mountain trails.

During this time Mr. Fox came back from a trip of five or six months, during which time his whereabouts was unknown to me, as the letter I sent him was returned unclaimed.

He fell down by the bedside of a dying girl in the Mission House and cried and confessed that he was as vile as she. He then asked me to come in a private chamber where he, with much weeping, confessed that he was bleeding and worsted in the conflict with Satan. He said, "he had actually thought he was doing right to oppose my Christian work and treat me as he did, 'till he realized that God had visited His iniquities upon his own head by allowing him to contract the disease known as syphilis. Though he had often outraged the sanctity of the home and confessed it to me and been restored to my love and confidence, "and God's protecting care had even kept him from this awful plague." He said if I would just live with him and not expose him to the public he would now serve God in deed and in truth, and we would live a holy life in body and and in soul. I nursed him and occupied the same room though not the same bed with him. After a few months he again left me, because I would not subject my body to a disease so horrible that a famous French physician said, "I would not have even the smallest trace of it on my body for all Paris." He then followed me in meetings, everywhere giving out the report that he was an injured husband, that one of the young men who came with our



We found this woman with her littls children, in the dead of that cold winter of 1908, living out doors under this arbor and a scrap of a ragged tent, about five miles from Texarkana. Though they were so ignorant they were making a heroic effort to lead a virtuous life. We made them comfortable temporarily and later on built them a house.

missionary party from St. Louis, had come in between him and me, which was false.

Of course, I could not do any good under such a shadow. I took counsel from good men and women everywhere I have labored, from Texas to Boston, Mass., and their advice, and that of the most reputable lawyers was that an absolute divorce was the only thing that woul relieve me from such bitter persecutions as this caused me to have to undergo.

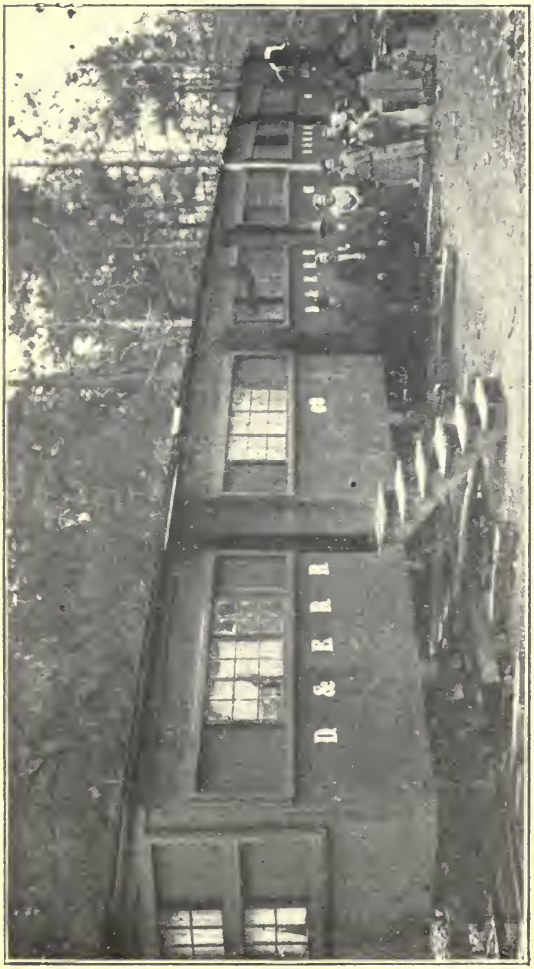
On one occasion Dora Rice and an evangelist by the name of George Hammon came to my house while the large Mission House was under construction in May, 1907, and boldly told me, "if I did not send the workmen away from there and send a telegram to my husband making an apology to him, they would publish me everywhere they went. I told them "They might stab me to the heart if they wished, that I would give my bones to the buzzards to pick, and that property to the flames before I would do any such thing."

In a few days they put a card in the Daily Texarkanian to the effect that I was running a house of shame instead of a Rescue Home for erring girls.

One of my girlhood friends was very much disappointed in me because I did not reply to this card and deny the charge. The Lord would not allow me to. He has often given me this promise, "The Lord shall fight for you, and you shall hold your peace." And He has fought for me as you will see if you read this life with attention.

Years before I was forced to get a divorce from Mr. Fox, eminent men of Boston warned me of the great danger of allowing him to come to my bed while he was living such a dissoulte life. Judge Spencer advised me to drive him from the premises as I would a stranger. But I trusted in God to protect me, and forgave him again, and again, when he confessed to committing adultery. And it was Almighty God who turned on the screws of conscience and made him confess that he had been advised by some prominent syphilologists of St. Louis, and Dr. Lightfoot of Texarkana, whatever he done not to expose me to this dread disease. I praise God's Holy Name for His protection over me in this case, and for delivering me from "the snare of the fouler" again and again.

Mr. Hammon was a stranger holding a meeting in the Northern M. E. Church building, which had been abondoned. It was Dora Rice who, out of jealously and evil surmising,



SCENE IN A RAILROAD CAMP.

These good people took care of us while carrying on work in this section.

used Mr. Hammon to write up the article and have it put in the paper in his name; little thinking that it would come back to her in a few years with interest. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Eph. 6:7. She was in Georgia in the summer of 1911, but could not hold meetings in her own name, and was under the auspices of a Mr. Williams, because she was being advertised by the church of which she was for years a member, in the Beacon Light, published at Bearden, Arkansas, by Rev. W. J. Walthall & Son.

It will be remembered that Rev. Walthall's son worked at the Texarkana Daily office, at the time Dora Rice and Mr. Hammons had a card put in against me and my work; stating that they had rescued one poor girl whom I had stolen from her husband, who was safely cared for at 820 Hazel street in Mrs. Sanders home.

The same man who, in all probability set the type to advertise me in the Texarkana Daily, among my old acquaintances and life-time friends, set the type to advertise poor Dora in several different states. It has all come back to her with compound interest. I visited her and Mr. Williams' meeting while she was in Georgia, and gave her some money. My heart ached for her. There is a difference between God's chastenings and His judgments.

The following is extracts from Mrs. Sanders' letter:

Texarkana, Arkansas, Dec. 21, 1911.

Mrs. M. W. Henderson.

Dear Sister in Christ:—

Your letter received with joy. I know all the past is under the Blood, but I just want you to forgive me if I ever caused you any trouble. I always loved you, but it is the devil's business to break up friendsship of all of God's people. I am so glad you are happy.

Poor Dora, it is so hard to give up our stubborn wills.

. . . . . .

Well, if my letters will do anybody any good just read them to all you want to.

. . . . . .

A SCENE IN OZARK MOUNTAINS, HOWARD COUNTY, ARK.

Uncle Dave Roberts a pioneer Holiness preacher and broiher C. S. Peck baptixing in the Saline River. This is the amous "wild cat" whiskey district, where we did a splendid work among the mountaineers, holding meetings, organizing Sunday Schools, weekly prayer meetings and establishing libraries.

Pray for me that I may get more of God's love in my heart. I pray God may lead you, and use you in saving many souls.

Your sister, Pauline Sanders,

820 Hazel Street.

I was holding a meeting near Monroe, La., when I learned that Mr. Fox came near to the place of the meeting and sent a report to the leaders of the religious community, that one of the workers of our band, a young man, had come in between him and me, and implored them to see if they could not show me my duty toward him. I told them, "my first duty to myself, the young man who was innocent, and toward the God whom I served, was to get a divorce from Mr. Fox on adultery. I could not do any good in evangelistic work with such reports following me. That it was his wicked unclean life that had come in between us."

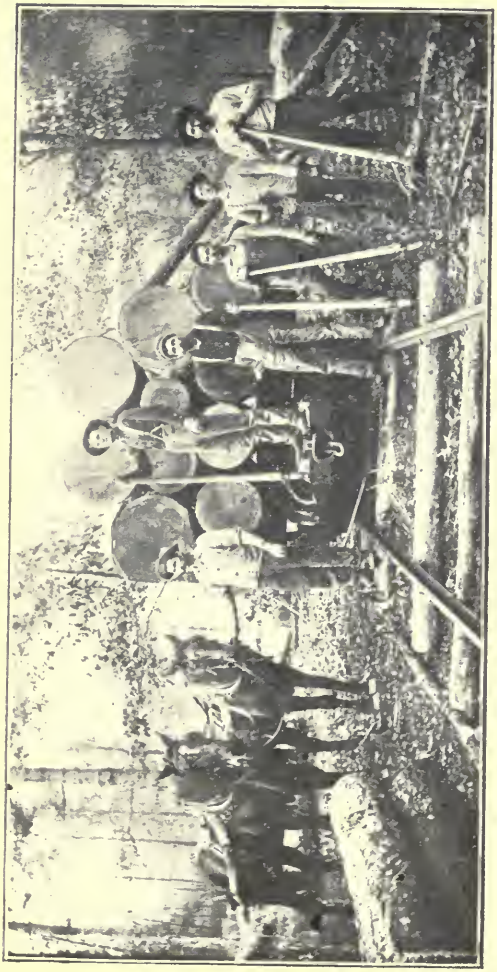
On my own account I would not have gotten a divorce. But I magnify God's Word and His cause above all my name. Psalm 138:2.

After I obtained a divorce on adultrey, proving beyond all doubt my innocence, and making an example of him, I then told him if he would reform his life and trust God to help him to repent of his sins, I would marry him again.

Following the Scriptural injunction, "When they persecute you in this city flee to another." When I obtained the decree of divorce in March, 1908, I left Texarkana and moved to a place near Hamburg, Arkansas, and near my adopted daughter. Her father-in-law, Mr. J. P. Chavis, gave me twenty acres of land on which to build a permanent home for myself and co-laborers in the Gospel.

In the spring of 1908 I sold the Mission and Rescue Home in Texarkana, and paid up all my indebtedness.

I pray God's best blessings on Mr. Offenhauser, the grocer, who extended me credit to feed the poor friendless deserted ones whom I housed, and Mr G. W. Foulk, who gave us credit when we first started to repair the little shanty. And Mr. Fred Offenhauser and those who extended us the loan of twelve hundred dollars to build the large house. The time would fail me to tell of Brother Will Haak and family, Brother Peck and his wife, and others whose names I can not mention, but trust they are written in the "Book of Life," who wrought nobly with us at Texarkana.



SCENE IN A LOG CAMP

Near where we have held some splendid meetings and organized a weekly prayer meeting.

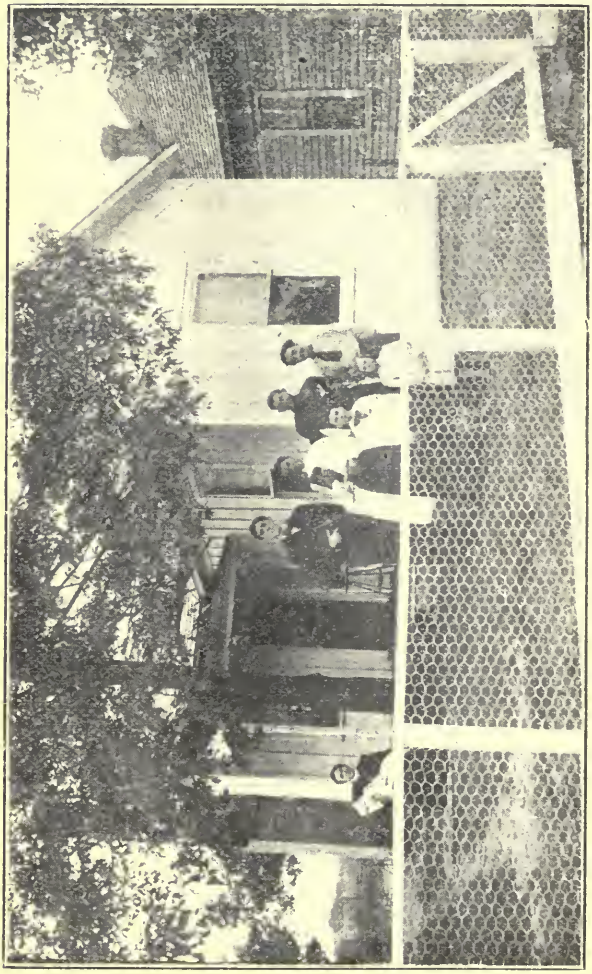
After paying all indebtedness we used what was left in supporting our mission family and stocking he farm near Hamburg.

At the close of our meeting near Hamburg, at this same place, Fountain Prairie, September 2, 1907, Brother C. S. Peck of our band and Miss Emma E. Chavis, of Fountain Prairie, were united in marriage by Rev. M. P. Timberlake. We felt this to be Divine arrangements, as Emma is the sister of Dr. W. M. Chavis, who married my adopted daughter. That this marriage would unite us as one strong family to work for God. The young couple came back to Texarkana with our party and took charge of the Mission Home at 1413 County Ave.

When we moved to Fountain Prairie, near Hamburg, with the assistance of many kind friends and Brother Peck's hard labor, it was not long until we had a comfortable cottage on the twenty acres that Mr. J. P. Chavis gave me for a permanent home.

During this time I was so burdened for Mr. Fox's soul, I could do nothing much but fast and pray for him. I received a letter form him asking me to meet him to arrange a reconcillation while I was nursing my adopted daughter. Though my adopted daughter had but recently been delivered of a child I left the poor darling before I should and went to Sister Dowlings to meet him. He said for me to go away somewhere and he would join me in a few days as soon as he could. That he was tied up with a woman who expected him to marry her, but just as soon as he could disentangle himself from her and arrange his business affairs he would join me and he and I would be married again and yet live happy, useful lives. That he could never be at peace again until he was reconciled to me and to his God.

I decided to go to Waycross, Ga., and engage in Home Missionary work. I went to Waycross, Ga., in October, 1908, and visited Mrs. Agnes Joyner at 19 Chuch Street and waited for him. I frequently received letters from him telling me how fond he was of me and he was coming soon. I wrote to him, telegraphed him that I was prostrated, to come at once. He wrote me that he could not come, but if I could get to him he would try to take care of me. This proved to me that he was the same "Fox" that I had always found him to be, and there was no confidence to be placed in him. But when I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost with the Bible evidence, speaking in tongues as in Acts 2:4, my faith revived, and I wrote



The Fox Mission and Rescue Home, 1413 County Avenue, in Oct. 1905

him again and urged him to come and let us be united in marriage and serve God. He refused to take my letters out of the postoffice, but returned them marked refused by S. E. Fox.

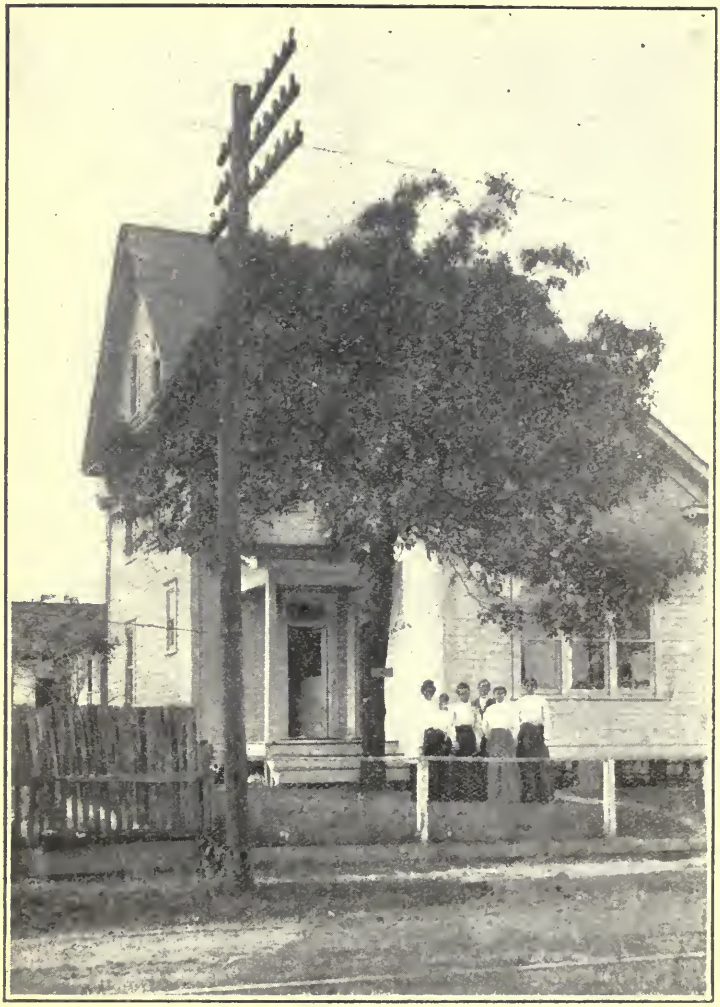
I praise God for allowing me to show such love and forgiveness to one who has treated me so. The last time I ever saw him I walked a ways with him to the station, saying all I could to encourage him to return to God, and come soon for us to be reunited. I gave him some money as he said he was short of means.

The following is a copy of the decree of divorce, and a letter written by his hand:

IN THE CHANCERY COURT OF MILLER CO., ARK.,
MARCH TERM, MARCH 16TH, 1908.

Rebecca J. Fox, Plaintiff,
vs. No 51. DECREE.
Samuel E. Fox, Defendant.

On this day, this cause being regularly reached upon the docket and being called for trial, come the plaintiff, Rebecca J. Fox, by her solicitors, B. A. Lewis and John N. Cook, and the defendant, Samuel E. Fox, came not, but made default, and failed to appear and answer, demur or otherwise plead, and it appearing to the court that said defendant has been duly and in due time notified of the pendency of this suit, the court finds that said defendant has been duly and legally served in this cause by personal service, and this cause comes on to be heard and is submitted to the court upon the complaint of the plaintiff and the depositions of L. S. Nixon, K. W. Haak, Samuel E. Fox, the defendant, C. S. Peck, Dr. E. L. Beck, Rebecca J. Fox, the plaintiff, Mrs. Maude Chavis, Mrs. Flora Peck, John S. Harryman, T. B. Wright, Mrs. Callie Wright, Mrs. Nancy Roberts and Mrs. Emma Chambers, and the exhibits to said depositions; and it appearing to the court from said depositions that said plaintiff is and has been a resident of Miller County, Arkansas, for the period of more than one year next before the commencement of this suit; that the matrimonial domicile of said plaintiff and defendant is in Miller County, Arkansas; that said defendant has offered such indignities to the person of the plaintiff as to render her condition intolerable and to make it impossible for her to live with him in peace or happiness, and has been guilty of committing adultery with some woman to plain-



Mission Home and Headquarters, 1413 County Avenue, Texarkana, Oct. 1907

tiff unknown, and from which woman he contracted and caught the disease known as syphilis, as alleged in plaintiff's complaint; and that said cause of divorce occurred and existed in this state within five years next before the commencement of this action. The Court is of the opinion and finds that the contract of marriage and bonds of matrimony existing between said plaintiff and said defendant should be dissolved, annulled, set aside and held for naught upon the grounds hereinbefore mentioned, and that said plaintiff should be granted an absolute divorce from said defendant.

It is therefore by the Court considered, ordered, adjudged and decreed that the contract of marriage and bonds of matrimony existing between said plaintiff, Rebecca J. Fox, and said defendant, Samuel E. Fox, be, and the same hereby are, dissolved, annulled, set aside and forever held for naught, and that said plaintiff be, and she hereby is, absolutely divorced from said defendant and restored to all the rights of a single person, and that she have and recover of and from said defendant all her costs in this behalf expended, except the cost of depositions, which has been paid out of money deposited in court for that purpose by order of this court.

CERTIFICATE OF CLERK.

State of Arkansas,
County of Miller.

I, J. D. Sanderson, Circuit and Chancery Clerk for the county aforesaid, do hereby certify that the annexed and foregoing is a true and perfect copy of a decree of divorce granted by the Chancery Court of Miller County, Arkansas, on the 16th day of March, 1908, as the same appears on record in Chancery Record Book F on page 129.

IN WITNES WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 19th day of March, 1908.

J. D. SANDERSON,
Clerk.

I take this opportunity to make this public statement:

I am compelled to make the following confession and I humble myself before God and my fellow Christians. Though I have been connected with the various churches in the past and in "good and regular standing" my life has not been right in the sight of God. I deeply regret that I have fought against

REV. JOHN S. HARRYMAN
Who helpld build the Rescue Home, and oured with us to St. Louis and other se c tions, planting the doctrine of Holiness

JAMES DEDMAN
My cousin, who toured with us to St. Louis in 1906

the leadings of God's spirit for many years and thereby have blighted my own life and brought sorrow and trouble to my dearly beloved wife and hindered the progress of her work, and brought reproach upon the cause of God. It was the evil spirit in my own soul that caused all the sorrow in our lives. But I blamed it on her and her religion and every person that was connected with her.

SAMUEL E. FOX.

CHAPTER VI.

Dwelling Among Lions—Psalm 57:4—A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing—Try the Spirits—1 John 4:1.

While holding meetings in and around Waycross, Ga., I had an occasion to reprove a minister. He asked me to assist him in a meeting. Mrs. Agnes Joyner with whom I was visiting assured me that he was well connected in Waycross and the woman by whom I was to be entertained was of high repute. She drove me to the town,about seven miles from Waycross, and attended the morning service and ate dinner with us, leaving me as she supposed in good hands.

I returned to Waycross in a few days and told Mrs. Joyner that this minister and the woman in whose home I was placed were not living as they should. They were teaching free love, and tried to teach it to me. He was of the sort "which creep into houses, and lead captive, silly women laden with sins, lead away with divers lusts." 2 Tim.3:6. I told her I was led of the Lord to come quitely away and write them a letter warning them of their great danger. For if I did not their blood would be on my soul. Ezek. 33:8. And I asked her if she wanted me to go to a hotel or would she be willing to bear the consequence? She said "for me to write as the Lord lead me and she would cheerfully bear the reproach that fell upon me for warning them."

I wrote them, the Bible says, "Try the Spirits"—1 John 4:1. And I had tried them by the Word and much prayer and found such a spirit, doctrine and practice was of the devil. "Communism in the realm of sex is the most damnable sin against the commonwealth."

By an eternal necessity God excludes the "abominable and fornicators from Heaven and gives them their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," Rev. 21:8.

MRS REBECCA J. FOX
Founder and manager of the Fox Home Mission and Rescue Ass'n, 1903-'09

My little nieces, Cathie, Rebie and Erma Wright

As soon as they received my letter they and their party raised up strong persecutions against me. They sent circular letters, by means of which they cried me down, and tried to ruin me, claiming my conduct toward the minister and the woman's sons, while in their house was not becoming to a lady. They wrote letters to Mrs. Joyner telling her I was a "dangerous woman for her to get me out of the house at once." They came in person to see her, and went to her husband and he said they threatened to horse-whip me if I appeared on the streets. They wrote letters to me, the vilest I ever read, charging me with all sorts of wickedness.

Little James Joyner Looking over my shoulder

After a night of prayer I told Mrs. Joyner I must appeal to the judge for advice. She said, "Go to Judge Parker for he is a noble Christian," She phoned to see if he could see us at that time. We showed him the letters they sent us. He said, "he had never read anything so vile from any one who counted themselves anybody." He told me, "they were raising that outcry against me to scare me out of the country. But for me to stay as long as I pleased, that nothing would come of it." He gave me the address of Col. Bennet, the solicitor to whom I could appeal for my personal safety.

They were continually pressing me to flee; they wanted to give the appearance of criminality to me by my flight. I was charged with crimes of deep dye. I was not moved in the least, but told the people "if I was guilty of such crimes I could not be too severely punished; wherefore I will not flee. But if I am innocent, for me to flee is not the way for my innocense to be believed."

If you wish to save the Nation above all, begin with the children.

We rescued this little boy, his mother, three brothers and his little baby sister near Monroe, La.

This is one of our Mission Babies.

They got Mrs. Joyner's husband and mother and sister to do all they could to have her give me my discharge from her house.

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Matt. 8:20.

This I have experienced, having no sure abode, no refuge among my friends, who were ashamed of me, and renounced me, nor among my relations, most of whom declared themselves my adversaries, and were my persecutors; while still others looked on with contempt and indignation.

"For Thy sake I have borne reproach; shame hath covered my face. I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children." Psa. 69:7, 8.

There were times when I found nature overcharged; but the love of God and His grace enabled me to renew my courage and bear up under thse sore trials. His invisible Hand supported me else I would have sunk under them.

I wrote Brother Peck and his wife, who were living in the Mission Home, not to expecet me to return under such circumstances. I remained in Waycroos and surrounding country four months after that. The more persecution rage against me, the more God blessed my efforts, and the more souls were given me.

One must not judge of the servants of God by what their foes say of them, nor by their being oppressed and afflicted under calumnies. Our Lord expired under pangs. It will only be known in eternity who are the true friends of God. Nothing pleases God but Jesus, and that which bears His character.

It seemed that God permitted the devil to be turned loose upon me, to crucify me yet more. At this time I received letters from persons whom God had used to help me in His work, with whom I had been corresponding closely, as their letters were a great comfort while I was so far away from my native home. They wrote to me in the depth of my distress, telling me to write to them no more, signifying their disapprobation of what came from me, and that I displeased God greatly. And I also received a letter at this time telling me that my horse had died. It seemed that the trials of Job were coming upon me. In all this the Lord taught me to praise Him. He knows what is needed to draw us closer to Him.

Rev. J. P. Wardaw, pastor of First Methodist Church, and others told me I did right to stay in Waycross and face my ac-

DR. W. M. CHAVIS

Snap shot of my adopted daughter's children, Norma and Ethel

Maude, my adopted daughter when she was about sixteen; now wife of Dr. Chavis.

cusers, if I lost my life by it, that the cause of God would suffer for it in the future if I left under such circumstances. That my persecutors would do wose when I was gone. So I decided I would not go far away.

In March, 1909, I went to Jacksonville, Florida, about seventy-five miles, as that was a good field for my work. They followed me there with letters to newspaper men, hotels, and to churches, accusing me of living a bad life, and getting money under false pretense. They circulated letters written, they claimed, by the Chief of Police, Jim Hughes, on the Texas side, and J. J. Towery on the Arkansas side of Texarkana, in which they wrote the most abominable scandal. The letters may have been counterfeited. I never took the trouble to find out, although men and women of means offered me the assistance to prosecute my tormentors, and the solicitor in Jacksonville, Florida, strongly advised me to do so, saying, "if I were innocent, such letters should be retracted or the policemen put out of office." I have the letters yet. My case was laid before ex-Governor Jennings, who is a godly man. He became interested in me and read these letters. He then said it was plain to be seen "wicked spirits were persecuting me, because in my rescue work I deprived them of sinful pleasures, and in this way they took revenge upon me." God made me serve in that city also for a spectacle to angels and to men.

The Lord has well furnished me with testimonials of my life and work from leading men and women, in the different states of the Union where I have labored for more than twenty five years. I showed these to Rev. G. L. Hanscom, pastor of the Congregational Church. The Congregational Church being the church I joined when I was first converted, and he being personally acquainted with some of my friends in the east, I felt myself happy to have him interest himself in me. And I also showed them ta Rev. L. C. Mahon, pastor of the Main Street Baptist Church, and asked them to write to anyone they would and examine my life and doctrine, and also requested Mr. William R. Carter, editor of the Metropolis, and others to do the same, which they kindly did.

Instead of paying any attention to the vile letters that were sent him, Mr. William R. Carter, Editor of the Metropolis, Jacksonville, Florida, frequently gave me newspaper articles. The following are only a few of them:

"MRS. FOX'S NOBLE WORK

RECLAMATION OF WAYWARD GIRLS IS HER SPECIAL MISSION

Missionary Woman Has Taken Charge of Joe Hannon, Who Attempted Suicide Last Night

Mrs. Fox's Noble Work—Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox, whose home is in Hamburg, Ark., but who spends the greater amount of her time in traveling throughout the country from city to city, engaged in mission and rescue work, is in Jacksonville for an indefinite length of time egaged in her work.

The object of Mrs. Fox's work is the rescue of all needy persons, especially the young girls and women who have traveled the wrong road. Mrs. Fox has been engaged in this kind of work for twenty-three years, and last year a farm of twenty acres was donated at Hamburg, Ark., for a mission home. Men as well as women, who are needy, are sent to this home, where they are provided for and returned to thir proper station in life.

Mrs. Fox is meeting with much encouragement by the Christian element of the city. The work is interdenominational, and is supported by free-will offerings. The congregation of the Main Street Baptist Church, and that of the Congregational Church have aided Mrs. Fox greatly in every way. She has taken charge of the young man, Joe Hannon, who attempted to end his life in the city jail last Sunday. His board is being paid in the city, and work is being looked for. Mrs. Fox desires all needing help of any kind to notify her and help her in a Christian work in this manner. She is located at 214 East Seventh Street, and all wishing to see her in regard to rescue work will be received between the hours of 8 and 10 in the mornings.

Twenty-First Street Baptist Church—Edward E. Eno, pastor. Morning service, 11 o'clock, pastor will preach, subject "The Love of God," evening service, 7:30 o'clock, Mrs. Rebecca Fox, of Arkansas, will speak again for us, subject, "The Power of a Virtuous Woman." God is using this woman to bring these messages, a woman who is not afraid to call sin by its proper name. All are invited to attend who are not afraid of the gospel truth.

Will Lecture—Mrs. Fox will lecture upon the "Power of a Virtuous Woman" tomorrow night in the Woodlawn Baptist Church. All are invited to attend. L. W. Kicklitter, pastor.

Who Wants a Baby Boy?—Mrs. Rebecca Fox, who is conducting evangelistic services in the tent on Divine Street and Highway Avenue, has in her possession a little male infant, placed in her care, for which she wants a home with some Christian family.

Visited the City Jail—Mrs. R. Fox, with several church workers, paid "Raspberry Park" a visit yesterday and held services, and the prisoners were very much pleased with the same.

Rescue Evangelist.—Mrs. R. J. Fox, president of the Fox Home Mission and Rescue Association of Arkansas, is still in the city and is doing excellent work. Her local address is 117 West Church Street, and she will be glad to confer with anyone interested in the movement. Mrs. Fox is doing a noble work and her efforts are meeting with much praise. She will at times deliver addresses explaining her work when occasion requires."

Rev. Mahon is a man of God, chosen among thousands, He and church workers would go with us to the jails, and he advised me to unite with his church, so when occasion required I I could refer the people to him.

Those were sad days in Jacksonville then. One day Mr. R. A. Humphries shot and killed Tom McManus, a farm hand employed at his farm near Jacksonville, at the same time fatally wounding his wife, who was merely a girl, barely past her teens, whom he accused of unfaithfulness. The young wife who was expecting to become a mother, died at the county hospital in the city, after denying the charges made by her husband. While she lay hovering between life and death, her mother overwhelmed with grief, ended her life by jumping into the waters of Cedar creek.

There were two black men in the jail then doomed to die on the gallows, charged with killing two old ladies near Jack-

sonville, and a young white man, Otis D. Smith, charged with the murder of his sister, Cora Bell Smith.

And there was a young woman in jail at that time for killing her former sweeheart.

We called on Mr. Smith with a number of workers, and held service in the jail corridor, adjoining his cell on the evening he thought was to be the last day of his life. He joined in the services, and seemed to enjoy communion with his Maker.

The Pardoning Board and Gov. Gilchrist granted him a ten days reprieve. When the news reached him he fell upon his kness and thanked God weeping. Mr. Smith told me that his sister was accidentally shot while both of them were striving together. He was abot thirty years old. He died on the gallows ten days later, claiming to be at peace with God.

At this time and place I will give space for extracts from Mr. William Rouse's letter, who was said to have been one of the wickedest men in South Georgia. The letter was written while he was in jail at Sylvester awaiting his death sentence:

Sylvester, Ga., Dec. 7, 1910.

Mr. M. W. and Rebecca J. Henderson,

Willacoochee, Ga.,

Dear Friends:—

I will write you a few lines to remind you of the favorable and lasting impression that you both made with me on the first sight, and to assure you both by the help of God, I will never forget you in my prayers, and I must ask that you both ask for me, that if I am not already forgiven, that I may be fully forgiven, by the power of Jesus. As Jesus is all we need while following the trail of of life through this sinful world. I can imagine I can hear you both singing that song yet, "He Is All I Need." "That is more truth than poetry." That was the lovliest song I ever heard sung. I want to ask your honor to visit me again and please bring me one of the song books that has that song in it. I feel like there is no one on earth more interested in me and my condition than you. I feel like God directed you here. I believe you are sent as an angel from God carrying His message to those whom He directs you to.

I want to ask you to come again, I want to hear you talk and pray, and would be delighted to have you bring any of your friends with you.

* * * * * *

Faith is all and all. I am sure and I am satisfied that I have that. I am not discouraged—You both have my best wishes.

When you offered prayer for me yesterday, you used Scripture in the 5th verse of the 22nd chapter of Rev. The reason I know, my dear mother repeated it to me a few minutes before she started on that journey to the Great Beyond. I shall never forget it.

I feel there is nothing but Jesus, none other. I love you like a mother. May God bless you both.

Your Brother in Christ Jesus,

Wm. ROUSE.

A few minutes before expiating on the gallows the crime charged aginst him, murder, Mr. Rouse made a heartrending talk to a company of close friends and relatives. While thousands waited outside the death chamber, he expressed himself as sweetly resting in Jesus to carry him through the hour and article of death. He advised his friends to lean on the strong arm of Jesus and his foes to seek His pardoning grace. He told all the young people, together with his own children, to live upright moral lives, and said, "O, if I had obeyed my dear mother's good advice I would not be in this sad plight today." Then just as they were ready to adjust the black cap, he kissed the jailor's brow, and with his arm about him, sung "What a Friend We Have In Jesus."

What a Friend! What a Friend!

The following is a note from Gov. Smith's secretary:

Atlanta, Georgia, Aug. 23, 1911.

Mrs. M. W. Henderson,
Pavo, Ga.

Dear Madame:—

Your favor of the 22nd inst., addresed to Gov. Smith, in regard to the case of William Rouse, has just come to hand. In reply, beg to say that the Governor now has this case under consideration and will doubtless dispose of the matter within the next few days.

Very truly yours,

C. M. HITCH,
Secretary Executive Department.

I will here give space for an extract from a recent letter form Mr. Elisha Moore, of Willacoochee, Ga.

Willacoochee, Ga., March 23, 1912.

Mr. M. W. Henderson,
Hot Springs, Ark.

Dear Friend:—

The Court of Appeals reversed my case and gives me a new trial.

Tell Mrs. Henderson we presented the petition and letter to Judge Parker and got him to agree to a fine in case I did not get a new trial, but Ithink he was himself satisfied I would get a new trial, as he knew I did not get a fair trial.

Well, as there is nothing new to write about, I will close, let me hear from you and give my best regards to Mrs. Henderson. Yours, etc.,

E. MOORE.

The following is a note from Judge Spencer who has known me more than twenty years:

St. Louis, April 14, 1909.

Rev. Wm. L. C. Mahon,
Jacksonville, Florida.

My Dear Sir:—

I am just in receipt of your not of April 12, concerning Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox. Mrs. Fox was formerly the wife of Mr. Van Dyke, who lived in this city, and whose funeral I attended. Since that time she has been actively engaged in Christian work, and went from here to Arkansas, where she was also engaged in Christian work . Ihave perfect confidence in her Christian character. I have not always approved of the wisdom of some of the things about which she has from time to time consulted me, but I have not known a single thing that would in the least reflect upon her Christian character.

The letters of the Chief of Police which you were good enough to send me bears upon its face to my mind evidence of its mistake. The police department largely because of their constant experience with criminals place very little credence in the possibility of a reformed life, especially in a woman, and without doubt Mrs. Fox did have in her house inTexarkana some fallen women. It was the very work in which she was engaged, and no one was too low for her to help. The fact that there were women sheltered there in an attempt to do them good in the name of the Master was doubtless beyond the comprehension of the Chief of Police.

I have not been familiar with the work of Mrs. Fox during the last two or three years, but I have no doubt that she is entitled to sympathy and help.

Belive me, with great respect,

Very truly yours,
SELDEN P. SPENCER.

(Copy of Original Letter.)

Letter from Pastor Mahon, and a note from Rev. W. B. Godby to Mrs. Joyner follows:

May 29th, 1909.

To the Brethren:—

Mrs. Rebecca J. Fox, the bearer of this letter is a member of the Main Street Baptist Church, and is engaged in Rescue Mission Work, and other work of love.

We have found her worthy of esteem and confidence and commend her to the favor and confidence of God's people.

W. L. C. MAHON,
Pastor.

(Copy of Original Letter.)

Eskridge, Ky., May 1st, 1909.

Mrse. Agnes Joyner,
19 Church Street,
Waycross, Ga.

Dear Sister:—

I am well acquainted with Sister Fox. Have long known her. She is certainly one of the truest Saints I ever knew. God has blessed her labors everywhere—from Texas to Boston, Mass.

God bless you all.

Home Address,
REV. W. B. GODBY, A. M.,
Perryville, Ky.

(Copy of Original Letter.)

HOUSE WHERE MOTHER DIED

A few days ago mother Lee, president of the Bethel Rescue Home, and myself held a service in this little cottage, in the very room that sheltered my dear mother in her dying hours. The power and presence of God was so manifest that it was felt by all present, from the aged grand pa, to the youngest child. We could feel the presence of mother's gentle spirit in the room with us.

CHAPTER VII.

Anchored In Jesus.

Heb. 6:19, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast.

"I am anchored in Jesus,
The storms of life I'll brave;
I am anchored in Jesus,
I fear no wind nor wave,
I am anchored inJesus,
For He has power to save,
I am anchored to the Rock of Ages."

In June, 1909, I went to Savanah, Ga. To sweel the stream of affliction news reached me there that my mother was dead and buried.

I have no language at my command to describe the desolations of my heart. In a strange city, deserted by friends, and oppressed by enemies; the former being ashamed of me, through the calumnies forged and industriously spread; the latter let loose to persecute me; and opening my letter from my dear sister, Mrs. Wright, expecting cold waters for my thirsty soul (Prov. 25:25 and read that my mother was dead.

With bleeding heart we again look up,
And drain the dregs through grace
Sufficient, from sorrow's cup.

I had a letter from my dear mother a few weeks before her death, asking me to come to Hot Springs and see her. How I longed to be with her, but as my dear Lord's cause came first, I could not leave then when the enemy of all good was pressing me to leave. Though I did not want to worry my poor mother by explaining in details why I could not come then; but wrote if it were His will I would come to Hot Springs and see her and dear sister Callie again.

Callie wrote me that mother would say every little while a few days before she died, "I wish we could get another letter from Becca." My second letter came a few hours after her death. O, readers, let us be more prompt in writing to mother.

AGNES JOYNER AND TWO SMALL CHILDREN
19 Church St., Waycross, Ga.

This is the lady who so nobly championed my cause when I was in Georgia in the interest of Resue work, which is sometimes dangerous as well as difficult, as vile men do not want to be robbed of their partners in sin. A blackmailing scheme was inaugurated against me at Waycross. Mrs. Joyner was not ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me, his servant; but was a partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel. I humbly ask all who read this to pray God to deliver her from all embarassments, and "that she may find mercy of the Lord in that day."—2 Tim. 1:18.

She is our dearest earthly friend. Let us "Honor our parents that our days may be long upon the land, which the Lord Our God giveth us." Ex. 20:12.

I visited mother in St. Louis a few months before I left for Georgia. She told me it was the one desire of her heart if it could be God's will to visit her daughter, Mrs. Wright once more. She then lived in the mountains, a far ways from a railway station, and it was feared mother could not make the trip, But in the providence of God my sister, Mrs. Wright, moved near Hot Springs, Arkansas, and mother was able to take the trip, but never recovered from the fatigue. I am glad the poor darling was spared the hardships of the journey back to St. Louis, where she made her permanent home with Mrs. O'Donnell.

Methinks the Chariot swung low,
And angels robed in white,
Come to escort her
To her home of light.

She died in Mrs. Wright's arme, after a faint struggle, with heart failure.

I wrote to my sister at once, telling her as soon as I felt it was God's will for me to leave Georgia, I wanted to visit her, especially on account of mother dying in her home. I never received an answer. She has told me since, that my sister, Mrs. O'Donnell, told her "never to encourage me to come back."

I received a letter from dear, sweet Agnes a few days after my motehr died asking me to come back to Waycross for a visit. She did all she could to comfort me during this crisis of my life. But her mother was very much opposed to my coming back to Waycross. Agnes lived in her mother's home.

The following is an extract from Mrs. Joyner's letter:

Waycross, Ga., May 27, 1909.

My Dearest Sister, Mrs. Fox:—

While baby sleeps I'll write you a few lines. I do wish I could see you and talk to you. Arn't you ever coming back? I received your letter, and you well know how glad I am always to hear from you, but I would much rather see you. I sure give it to Mr. Brewton about writing to Dan Sweat like he did and showed him Dr. Godby's card, and Mitchel asked him if he would send a copy of it to Dan Sweat, and he said he would. I told him I did not think a Christian would do such a thing, much less a preacher. I said to him that your letters of ref-

MRS. REBECCA J FOX

Salvation Army Sergeant, among little "bums," the children whose playgsound is the streets, and in the slums of Boston, Mass., in 1901-1902.

erence lay in his house a week nearly and he did not take time to read them, but just as soon as he heard a bad report of you he took time to write about it and pass it on. Oh. we had it hot for a while.

* * * * * *

I told him I would hate awfully for him to hear a bad report about me, if he felt it his duty to pass it on when he heard anything about anybody. I did not spare him, I tell you I did not.

* * * * * *

Are you ever coming to Waycross again? Please do, if you can't stay very long. Sister Benson is anxious for you to come and stay as long as you will with her. If I had a home of my own you would not stay anywhere but with me. And we are going to have one some day, I hope.

Write soon, and write Mitchel, too.

Much love to you,

AGNES JOYNER,
19 Church St.

Mr. Brewton was pastor of Trinity M. E. Church at Waycross, Ga., of which Mrs. Joyner was a member. Mr. Dan Sweat was a Methodist preacher of Jacksonville, Fla., who together with Mr. Brewton assisted my persecutors by taking up their evil reports against me, which is contrary to Scripture. (Psalms 15:3.) Mr. Sweat wrote to a Methodist preacher at Texarkana, and asked him for some information against me, but was told he could not find a thing, but would search further and if he could find anything they would send it, for him to publish. Mr. Sweat met Brother Mahon on the streets and told him I was a fraud. Bro. Mahon told him I was all right, that those who were circulating those letters against me were frauds or something to that effect. He is a man among men.

We always find it to be certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, who stir up persecution against God's dear humble people, as in Acts 17:5. The more noble will search and look into things with all readiness of mind to see whether those things were so, as in Acts 17:11.

The following is extracts from Mrs. Joyner's husband's letter, Mitchel Joyner:

Dear Mrs. Fox:—

I need your prayers, now. Believe me when I say that if there is one woman in whom I have confidence it is you. If there is one woman whose religion is genuine, and whose prayers, I believe would be answered, that woman is you. And if there ever was a man who needed prayer right now, it is I.

* * * * * *

The Christ-like spirit manifested by you during your troubles in Waycross has shown me that there is efficiency in religion. And I thank God that you came to my home. May God bless you. Good-bye. Write soon.

J. M. JOYNER,
Fire Department.

Brother Mahon said, "I had suffered enough in Waycross and he thought best for me not to go back there." But I told him "I must do as the Spirit lead." I felt God had other designs over me than to suffer me to die by the hand of the enemy. I went back to Waycross, June the 11th, 1909. I shall never forget an experience at Denmark, South Carolina. How the enemy did hinder me to try to keep me from going back there. For he knew the Lord was preparing a table for me "in the presence of my enemies."

"I'm so glad my Shepherd's able
To prepare for me a table;
'In the presence of my enemies' I feed;
I have found a patch of 'clover,'
And my cup is running over;
Hallelujah! He supplies my every need."

We opened a home for old ladies in Waycross, and I had a very pleasant visit with dear Agnes while her mother was called away by the death of a friend. And visited with dear Sister Benson at 27 Parallel Street, where I hid one night when the safety of Mrs. Joyner's house was threatened, when I was being pressed so to leave town in the fall of 1908. That night He gave me the 121 Psalm for a pillow.

The following is a letter from Pastor Mahon while I was on a visit back to Waycross:

6-29, 1909.

Mrs. Rebecca Fox,
Waycross, Ga.

Dear Sister Fox:—

I was away when your letter came and returned last Saturday. I am sorry to hear of your mother's departure from your

standpoint, but I am sure she is far better with her Lord and since it hath pleased Him to call her home we should only joy in her glory. It is very trying to have that man keep up his persecutions as he does, but I believe the best thing for you to do is to bear it patiently and meekly. The Lord will not allow His children to be confounded. If you live Christ before the Waycross people your cause will triumph and your honor will be vindicated. I return you the slip you enclosed, thinking you may need it.

I shall be glad to hear from you from time to time, and trust that the Lord's blessing shall rest upon your work. With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

W. L. C. MAHON,

When I had lost all created supports, I then found myself happily compelled to fall into the pure Divine, though those very things which seemed to remove me further from it. In losing all gifts, all supports I found the Giver.

"He destroys that He may build; for when He is about to rear His sacred temple in us, He first totally raises the vain, pompous edifice human art and power had erected, and from its horrible ruins a new structure is formed by His power only."

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in His presence." 1 Cor. 1:27, 28, 29.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the Godly out of temptations. (2 Peter 2:9.) And I prayed often until one and two o'clock in the morning, sometimes all night long, for Him to deliver me from the hell traps old Satan set for me. I told the Lord, " Iwanted to carry on Christian work on pure, plain lines; that I did not seek a work that would appeal to the pomp and pride of the world, but rather one that would be called great at the swiftly approaching dawn of Judgment, and one that would stand the test of God's eternal hour of reckoning when worlds crash and nations crumble and all the works of men's hands shall be revealed."

I had been maintaining a Rescue Home and was too busy to tarry before God.

EVANGELISTS MISSES FROST AND SIMPSON

Some times it is not best for the cords that bind us to be snapped and the Lord gently loosens them. So it was in my case. In the providence of God the Rescue Home was closed. And a great affliction came into my life, which brought me to the**Place** We All Have To Come To, that is a spot in the Valley of **Humiliation** So **Low** that it is painful. Empty, useless, "unprofitable servants." Before we can receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

My afflictive experiences enabled me to get my eyes off of every thing and everybody but Jesus Christ, and obey the command to "seek the things that are above where Christ is seated on the right hand of God." Col. 3:1-3.

One morning Agnes and I were sitting on the back piazza when Brother J. D. Jowers came in from the country to see if she wanted any vegetables. Brother Jowers is a dear humble man of God, who has the Baptism of the Holy Ghost as they had on the day of Pentecost. (Acts 2:4.) He said to me, Sister Fox, "Have you received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost since you have been in Jacksonville?" I ansewered I had received it long before I came to Georgia.

In the Spring of 1889, while living in Boston, Mass., I attended a Penticostal Convention held in the Stanton Avenue M. E. Church, Brother C. H. Stackpole, pastor. Miss Frost and Miss Simpson were the evangelists in charge of the meeting. They taught Bible Holiness. I went forward the first service, seeking heart purity. I thought I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost then. I was under the teaching that the second Blessing, Santification, A Clean Heart, Holiness, and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, was all one and the same thing. And I claimed that I had the real Baptism of the Holy Ghost many years. But I have found out since that I was deceived.

Brother Jowers said to me, "No, Sister Fox, unless you have had the evidence of the Holy Ghost, which is speaking in other tongues as they did on the day of Pentecost, as in Acts 2:4, you have not got the real Baptism." He then asked me to attend their meeting.

I had heard these people "everywhere spoken against." I had met a young woman three years before in Boston, Mass., who had the Baptism, and spoke in tongues. The old Devil did all he could to hinder me from believing in it. Although I got Deacon. D. O. S. Lowel of the Dorchester Temple Baptist Church of which I was for some time a member, and his dear wife to go

with me to hear the young woman, because of my ignorance I placed very little credence in the possibility of one speaking a language they had never learned under the inspiration of the Spirit. Deacon Lowel being the professor of the Boys' Latin School in Roxbury, Mass., and one of the best men ever known. I felt confident that if the young woman was a deceiver he would be able to detect it. We attended the young woman's sermon during which she spoke a few words in tongues. After the meeting closed we had a very pleasant conversation with her, she told us her experience. Deacon Lowel assured me she spoke a refined language, and said he would be glad if the Lord should take possession of his tongue, he would know that one of his members was under His full control.

I met a young woman about a year later in St. Louis, who had spent some time in my Mission and Rescue Home at Texarkana, Ark., who had received her Pentecost.

About a year later I met a woman in Galveston, Tex., who spoke in tongues, and had met some in Jacksonville, Fla.

But, as I said before, I had heard them spoken against everywhere. And the statements of eminent divines speaking against this doctrine influenced me against them. But this morning I thought to myself, "Suppose they should be right. And as I am as low down in the estimation of the people as I can be already, I will attend their meetings and investigate their doctrines." Accordingly, I went to their meeting and found a number of the most spiritual people in Waycross, whom I had been with in meetings in Waycross before I went to Jacksonville. These dear humble children of God told me to praise Him for everything. Then I remembered the Bible says in Eph. 5:18-20, "that one of the conditions of receiving the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is praising God."

To receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost we must enter through the gates of praise. Jesus told the disciples " to tarry in Jerusalem until endued with power from on high. While He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven. And they returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God. Amen." Luke 24:49-53.

In the first prayer meeting, it appears the women went ahead. "These all continued, with one accord, in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary, the Mother of Jesus,

and with His brethren. (The number of names together were about an hundred and twenty.") Acts 1:12-15.

In the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we read: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Up to this time the disciples were weak as other men. After this they were unlike other men. Wihout the Spirit, Peter trembled in the presence of the little maid-servant. With the Spirit, he withstood princes and kings.

I said, "Lord, this is what I need, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, in this hour of my sorrow."

I spent that night with Brother and Sister Jowers, and the next afternoon I went out under a tree and began to pray, and praise God even for the death of my mother, that He had taken her from this low land of sorrow. I "praised Him for all things."

I told the Lord reverently but very earnestly, that I would stay there under the tree and praise Him until He gave me the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, with Bible evidence, Speaking in Tongues and would not fear the devil no matter what suggestions or imitations he might offer me. When the old devil knew he could hinder me no longer, he then tried to give me a counterfeit. But God has all power, and I knew that he would protect me form the delusions of the devil and his malignant power—I John 5:18.

I was out under the tree about an hour, praying and praising God, saying, "Only to hear Thy voice, only the faintest whisper, would make my heart rejoice." When suddenly I heard sounds issuing from my throat, which filled me with joy, and I began to shout aloud, "Praise God! Praise God!" Shortly the leaders in my face and neck began to draw, and a mighty force took hold of my jaws and worked them, and took possession of my vocal organs and said "Glory to Jesus," over and over, and then a mighty power took full possession of my entire being and overpowered my flesh. And this mighty power was the power and presence of the Holy Spirit, the third person in the Godhead. The Spirit sang through me celestial music, in

languages I had never heard, and reached high notes I could not have reached in my own strength. The Spirit prayed and prophesied, in unknown tongues, and showed me things to come. Acts 2:4, 16, 17.

The Spirit showed me that I must carry this Gospel „for hence," and the still small voice said, "if you won't doubt this Speaking in Tongues to be of God, your husband may be converted and go with you all around here where you have been treated so ill, and support you and comfort you and assist you in your travels." I took it that Mr. Fox was to be converted and we were to be remarried, and I wrote to him about this wonderful experience and revelation. But he never answered my letters, finally refused to take them out of the office. I wrote him occasionally for six months never doubting but that he was the one that was to be converted and go with me to spread the Gospel.

I sent to Arkansas for my Gospel tent and returned to Jacksonville, Fla., and began tent meetings, teaching that the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is for all, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. Acts 2:39.

We are told in 1 Cor. 14:22 that tongues are for a sign to unbelievers.

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Acts 1:8.

I have had power over all the power of the enemy ever since I receieved the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, June 25, 1909.

The Holy Spirit has to be retained by the same surrender and obedience and care that was necessary to receive Him.

If that minister and his party have ever said or done anything against me since I received the Holy Spirit, it has never come to my knowledge.

I experienced something of the state the early disciples were in, after they received the Holy Spirit. I had every good thing and no want of any thing.

How truly I experienced what He said by the four evangelists, and by one of them twice over: "Whosoever will loose his life for My sake shall find it; and whosoever will save his life shall loose it."

Maude's beautiful tender spirit would fain have helped me through all my trials if she could. The following is a letter from her at this time:

Mist, Ark., September 23, 1909.

Dear Mama:—

I just received your letter of the 20th. It has been about three or four weeks since I last heard from you. Oh, my, if you go to the West Indies, I won't hear from you more than once a year. When I read in your letter that you were going to bid Jacksonville good bye my heart jumped in my mouth, for I though you were coming home, but I was awfully disappointed to read on further that you were still going further off. I certainly do hate for you to go so far off, but I must not complain, for I don't want to hinder, worry or make you feel sad if you think it is your duty to go, for I know God will take as good care of you there as He will here, so I will just leave you in His care. I am a widow again tonight, as Walter is gone again to St. Louis, will return about Sunday or Monday.

Yes, mama, he went to papa's grave and to our old home. Callie saw Mrs. Dowdle and she sent me word to come and see her if I was ever in St. Louis. Walter took the dimensions of papa's tombstone and copied the inscription and brought it back to me. I will tell you more when I see you. I thought about going back with him, but he had to go on business, so I thought I would rather stay at home than start with two babies.

Walter bought us a bath tub and hot water tank while he was there. He also got me an Eastern Star pin (gold), it certainly is pretty. Noma thinks her little trinkets are fine. She thinks the leaf is a pin, She said, "aint they pretty."

We are pretty tired tonight, we just got back from Jo's and Ida's, we went up there yesterday.

Callie and Emma haven't come yet. I guess they will leave St. Louis October 5. Callie took a $75 course in plumbing and architecture this summer and bought a set of plumbing tools. He is thinking about building and settling in Hamburg.

Edward Locke has been mighty sick, but is better now.

Laura is a lot of company and help, too. We get along O. K.

Walter says he wants to take me to St. Louis soon. He says it is the prettiest place he ever saw.

Well, mama, the baby is fretting and crying so I will have to close and put her to sleep. Now, if you go off anywhere else send me your address at once, and write as often as you can for I am always uneasy about you when I can't hear from you.

LITTLE MAUDE VAN DYKE AT AGE OF 3 YEARS

"When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up."
—Psalms 27:10.

Well, bye-bye now for this time; be sure and take good care of yourself, and don't do too much and make your little "bitie" self sick.

With lots and lots of love from

MAUDE.

After I received the Baptism the Lord would not allow me to make any solicitation or to take up an offering in meetings for months, that He might lead me by His Spirit and providence.

After holding tent meetings about ten weeks in Jacksonville, Fla., Brother R. T. Waldrup came after me on the 29th of September, 1909, and escorted me to his home in Valdosta, Georgia, where I had been invited to rest and work with them in the Pentecostal Mission as long as I would.

After spending some weeks in their delightful home at 913 Patterson street, Brother M. C. Griffin, a cousin of Mr. Henderson's, came and invited me to come to his home, Ray's Mill, Georgia, and hold a tent meeting.

During this time I received my letters back from Mr. Fox, and at the same time I received a letter from Mr. Henderson written in a spirit of great tenderness thanking me for the spiritual help I had been to him. He was converted in my meeting at Ray's Mill.

In this letter he spoke of the desolations of his home, since the death of his dear wife, and two precious children some years ago by typhoid fever. And said, his young lady daughter and his two young sons were all that were at home now, and they were very lonely, and they all desired that I should spend the Christmas holidays with them. He attended the meetings often, and we carried on a correspondence for a few weeks.

One morning the Lord gave me a vision of Mr. Henderson's and Brother Crosby's faces. They both came to Ray's Mill that morning to services. As they approached the house Mr. Henderson said, "Get ready to go back with us we have come after you. We want you to make us a visit and rest a while before your meeting begins at Willacoochee." I went with them, "doubting nothing, for He had sent them." Acts 10:20. We left the meeting with Brother Griffin,

The following is extracts from my adopted daughter's letter written at this time.

LITTLE MAUDE VAN DYKE FOX, AGE 6 YEARS

Mist, Arkansas, December 22, 1909.

Dear Mama:—

I received your letter last night and was pleased and surprised also as I read through its contents; and then took a long breath and read it the second time.

I do hope and pray if you and Mr. Henderson marry that you will be happy for you deserve to be. I would not be surprised if you aren't Mrs. Henderson by now. I do hope he will be better to you than Fox.

Now, won't you look, step-mother of nine children. Ha, Ha, you are about to get ahead of me. My two, though they are so small they nearly get the best of me.

* * * * * *

I am not going to write much for I know you won't have time to read much.

Miss Maggie Henderson is right sweet looking, I do hope they will treat you O. K., and you will be as "snug as a bug in a rug."

We have had such a cold spell, snow is six inches deep. It certainly has been cold. I have been hugging the fire ever since the snow.

* * * * * *

I am sending you a sofa pillow cover for your new home.

Well, dear, wishing you many merry Christmases and many many Happy Years, bye-bye now. With lots of love and congratulations.

From MAUDE.

When Mr. Henderson told me as soon as there was a guardian appointed for his minor children, and his two youngest placed in school he would be ready and glad to go with me any where the Lord lead in this country or to the islands of the sea and assist me in every way possible in spreading the Gospel if I would be his wife. The Lord made me know that he was the one He intended to go with me.

After fasting and praying, I told him if it really was His will that Mr. Henderson and I should marry to let it be known by having it so that Pastor Mahon could come from Jacksonville, Fla., to my dear, sweet friend, Sister Waldup's house, in Valdosta, Ga., to unite us in marriage. I wrote him and received the following telegram:

Little Norma Chavis, age 14 months

Little Norma Chavis, age 5 months

Jacksonville, Fla., December 18, 1909.

Mrs. R. J. Fox, 913 N. Patterson St.,
Valdosta, Ga.

Expect me on Georgia Southern tonight at 11:30.

W. L. C. MAHON.

11-A.M.,

We were united in marriage by my beloved pastor, W. L. C. Mahon, pastor of the Main Street Baptist Church, Jacksonville, Fla., at Brother and Sister R. T. Waldrep's Pentecostal home, 913 North Patterson street, Valdosta, Ga., Dec. 19, 1909. In the midst of a Pentecostal service, Brother Frank Denny the sweet singer and Pentecostal evangelist, delivered the message much of which was set to music. My husband is a member of the Missionary Baptist Church at Willacoochee, Coffee County, Georgia.

A few days after we were married we closed up the house and we all took a pleasant trip.

Mr. Henderson took me to Jacksonville, Fla., and went in person and thanked those who had shown me kindness.

We visited his children who are settled in homes of their own, and his old friends and relatives, who showed us every kindness that affection could suggest, until we were made to say: "The Lord has dealt by us, as He did by His servant Job, rendering us double for all He had taken from us." We have four sturdy sons, and six beautiful daughters living and five sons-in-law.

The following is extracts from my adopted daughter's letter written during this time:

Mist, Arkansas, January 3, 1910.

My Dear Mama:—

I will have to begin my letter with an apology, for not answering your letter announcing your marriage sooner, which, of course, calls for congratulations. I have a "iti bitsie" excuse, however, that is I have been almost run to death with company during the Christmas holidays. I had a nice Christmas but with a house full of company one can't find much time for letter writing. I started this letter New Year's day or I got as far as the date written down, but Ethel was so fretful I had to give it up and take her. YYou will have to consider that blot a "big, old" kiss and maybe it will not look so ugly. I wrote you last New Year's day, for I remember I said in my letter, "I

THREE OF MR HENDERSON'S LITTLE GRAND CHILDREN.

will start the year right by writing to you." But, mama dear, I feel so much better over your welfare this year than I did last for I think you have a good husband to be with you now, and I truly hope and pray so, and last year you were just a lonely little woman out by yourself away from those you love. I am certainly thankful you are prospering so well.

Mama, if I have been slow in answering your letter announcing your marriage, you have my sincerest wishes for your happiness; and if my congratulation is late in reaching you be assured it is none the less heartfult and earnest. As I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with my "new papa" I can not say so many pleasant things about him as I am certain he deserves, but I know you well enough to unhesitatingly say that the man of your choice must be one of honor and courage.

Now, mama, you must not get the "big head" you are dressing so fine and having such a trip I am afraid your head will get to swimming.

* * * * * *

Well, mama, I would love to see you and talk to you, but I am glad you are so happy and getting along O. K. Now, as I want to write to Mr. Henderson I will close for now, with lots of love from your daughter,

MAUDE.

P. S.—The presents were beautiful. I was very pleased with my pretty waist, and Norma and Ethel thought their dolls fine.

Mr . Henderson is a member of a prominent family of Irwin county and lived at Willacoochee. He had spent most fifty years in great wickedness. He attended a tent meeting I was holding at Ray's Mill, before the tent was burned by the enemies of this Gospel. He came to the meeting to investigate this doctrine, and came under its power at once, and the appetite for liquor and tobacco was taken from him. "And God who knoweth the hearts bear him witness, giving him the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us, purifying his heart by faith." And now he is devoting his means and life to the spread of this Gospel.

Up to the time of my marriage with Mr. Henderson, Maude has been my joy and solace. From the time she first came to us a little budget of sunshine, till now, she has been a lovely dream—a choice flower.

The roses of love and the violets of modesty that shed their fragrance in her maiden heart have gladdened many a sad and lonely hour in my life.

She was soundly converted at the age of nine, and united with the Baptist Church at Oneida, N. Y. She was a sweet singer, a good pianist, and a great help to us in evangelistic work. And so I shall be excused in believing that her letters will be read with interest by many. The following is an extract from another one of her letters:

Hamburg, Ark., December 22, 1911.

Dear Mama:—

Just received your letter of the 18th, the package hasn't arrived yet, but guess I will get it in a day or two. Mama, who ever heard of you needing to apologize for your sewing. You know your sewing suits me better than any ones. It certainly is sweet of Maggie making the the little dress. I know Ethel will be pleased, she is an awful proud little thing. I have her hair bobbed and she don't do a thing but stand before the glass and comb her hair.

I wanted to send you our pictures this Christmas, but there isn't any photographer in Hamburg now.

I know my Bible is just fine. I am certainly proud of a nice Bible. Walter bought me a $3.50 one about two years ago. I wish you were here to eat Christmas dinner with me. I am going to have a big, old rooster for my turkey. I baked five cakes yesterday and made six glasses of jelly out of some canned plums.

I have been making pop corn balls and candy today.

I want to thank you and papa for the pretty shawl, I will put it to good use this winter, several have thought it so pretty. I won't send this letter in the morning, I will wait till tomorrow evening and see if the package comes in so I can let you know.

Did you ever get your books? I certainly do hope you have got them. I don'e see why they didn't come O. K. Walter wrote your name and address all over the box.

December 23.

Dear Mama:—

Your sweet gifts came this morning, and I don't know hardly how to thank you for them. Norma said tell you, thank you for the dress and sack, they certainly are pretty and fit fine. Ethel said, "they sure is pretty." I wish you could see Ethel,

she is a captain. I am so proud of my Bible. Walter said he was going to study it, if I would quit talking to him long enough.

* * * * * *

Well, mama, I will have to go to supper so I will close for this time. Wishing you, papa and Maggie a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Again thanking you for you goodness to me, I am, as ever

Yours lovingly,

MAUDE.

After spending a little over two years in evangelistic work with my husband in Southern Georgia and in Florida among his lifetime friends and relatives, "showing what great things the Lord has done for him." On February 27, 1912, we set out for my native state, Hot Springs, Arkansas, feeling that God would use us among my people.

We arrived safely on the 29th. "The Lord has compassed us about with songs of deliverance!" But, oh! where shall I begin my song of praise? What a turn is there in all my affairs! What a depth of sorrow, distress and perplexity am I delivered from! How shall I express the goodness of the Lord? Not one of the good things have failed me of all that the Lord My God hath spoken. Now I know no want but that of more grace. I have such a husband as is, in everything, suited to me. He bears with all my faults and failings, in a manner that continually reminds me of that word"—"Love your wives as Christ loved the Church."

I will at this point give space for an extract from a letter from our youngest son, a tall, handsome youth of about fifteen, who possesses genius and mental beauty. He is in school in Ocilla, boarding with his sister, Mrs. Brown:

Ocilla, Ga., April 7, 1912.

Dear Father:—

I will take time today to answer your letters we received some days ago.

I will now write you all about Ocilla and the family folks and affairs. We are all in perfect health with the exception of Julius and Clarence, they have been sick a little bit, but not enough to amount to anything.

Our garden is up and growing nicely. We picked our first ripe strawberries last Friday, enough to make a pie.

Maggie says her garden peas are nearly ready to stick, and she is going to dig Irish potatoes this week.

We are having some fine weather down here now days.

It has stopped raining so much now, the sun shines every day, and everybody is ploughing and planting.

The singing of the birds and the blooming of the flowers, together with bright sunshine, give us the sure sign that Spring is here and that summer is coming.

We have plenty of biddies and plenty of hens setting. Our biddies are from frying size on down to pipped eggs.

I am getting along O. K. in school, my last report consisted of A's and B's. I am studying Latin now and literature, it certainly is tough for me. However, I can learn it if my classmates can.

Guess I might tell you that you have a new grandchild out at Boy's. Wootie was out there yesterday, she says Lucy was getting along all right.

Ocilla is on the boom now. The oil mill people are going to double the machinery and build larger houses. When this is completed Ocilla will have, it is said, one of the largest oil and fertilizer mills in the South. J. A. J. Henderson has bought half interest in it.

Politics are red hot down here. J. A. J. Henderson and Judge Parker are our candidates for Congress. Uncle Speed Paulk, W. J. Philips and one of the Fletchers are candidates for Treasurer.

You say that you and Mr. T. W. Wright are in business together. I wish you great success in this business, but it takes careful management and kind treatment to bring success in any business. Do not consider this as advice from me, but you know it is true.

* * * * * *

Dear Step-Mother:—

Wootie wrote you all a letter Friday I think but I did not read it and there might be some repetition of the two letters,

Guess you are still interested in the Lord's work since you have reached your people, so I will tell you about His work here in Ocilla.

About two weeks ago there was held a two or three weeks meeting at the Baptist Church and during that time thirty-six

members were enrolled. It is said to be one of the best meetings ever held in Ocilla. I went when ever it was convenient to do so.

I read all of your letters with great care and was glad to know about the minerals of the mountains.

Write or send me anything that will be good for me.

Affectionately,

CLEO.

P. S.—Tell me all about those Hot Springs. You all must come to see us when you can.

If any one reads this life with attention, he will see on God's part nothing but goodness, mercy, and love, and on my part weakness, foolishness, sin and infidelity. If there be anything that is good, it is of God. I have nothing to glory in but infirmities and unworthiness.

I could not give the detils, of the greatst sorrows, and sorest trials and persecutions, of my life; there are some facts too odious which charity and decency induces me to cover.

I have told something of my trials and crosses from my youth, to show how God in love, and mercy, has held His chastening rod over me from childhood's days. Heb. 12:15-11.

Although I have described the procedure of those who have persecuted me, I have not done it out of resentment. I love them and pray for them. "Love your enemies." "If you have done much in the world you have made nemies. Every loyal aggressive Christian makes enemies. "Marvel not if the world hate you." Christ's enemies crucified Him. The enemies of the Apostles and early disciples imprisoned, stoned, crucified and burned them. Who is my enemy? He may be the one who hates me, or he may be the one who would, under the cover of night, set fire to my house, who would slip up behind me and stab me, who would "take from me that which naught enriches him, but makes me poor, indeed." He may be the man who would do all manner of evil against me, and I am commanded to love him. God does not demand of me the love of esteem for every creature, nor the love of complacency for every creature, nor that I love with the love of gratitude every creature. The love of esteem is called forth by qualities worthy of esteem; the love of complacency is called forth by beautiful pleasing objects. The love of gratitude is called forth by deeds of kindness. These elements of love are dependent upon things without me. But there is a love, the best love this world ever

knew. The love that God had when He gave His son to die for me, who has so often offended Him, and has so many times deserved hell. The love that Jesus had when he suffered and died in my stead. The love that God demands of me toward every creature; it is the benevolent love. A wish-well love. The love that wishes everybody well, and wishes nobody harm. The love that when actively exercised "does unto others as I would want them to do unto me." The love that leads me to do no harm to any one, but all the good that I can to everyone. This love does not depend upon external objects, but goes gushing from a good heart like water from a fountain. Goes out from a pure heart like fragrance from a rose. Goes forth from a pure heart like light from the sun. It is the love that distinguishes the sinner from the Christian. It is that love that when reviled "does not revile again." It is that love that "returns good for evil." It is that love that cries out from the storm of stones, "Father, forgive them." It is the love that bleeding and dying on Calvary cries out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I have never felt any desire for revenge upon those whose duty it was to love, succor, and support me, but deserted and traduced me.

God has raised up others upon whom I had no claim, to assist me; and He has conducted me safely, and honorably through life thus far, to show us that we are not to glory in flesh. "But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Jer. 9:24.

I never had any vindicative resentment against my persecutors and tormentors, although I well knew them, their spirit and their actions.

Loving the stripes God gives, one can not hate the hand which He makes use of to strike with.

I have related certain facts to show their falsehood, and the conduct of those by whom they had passed, and the authors of these persecutions of which I have been the object, because Ithought I owed this to religion, piety, my friends, my family, and myself.

These pages disclose incidents in the lives of fallen men and women, which should give everyone, young or old, eyes to see how easy it is to destroy a character. It takes years to

build a character. But only a few minutes have been all the time required for the destruction of many a noble character. One moments sin may cause a lifetime sorrow. This I have experienced.

I have through alll these pages tried to deal with all in a charitable way, and will say that if anyone has thought hard of me, of feels that I have wronged them in any way, I am sorry for it, and ask your pardon, and thank you all for your kindness to m and to all who have wronged, or reproached me, or annoyed me in any way, as I hope for my Saviour Lord to forgive me, so do I bury it all in the Sea of Forgetfulness. We should all remember that, "Vengenance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

When I look back over the scenes I have tried to relate I feel as though I had awoke from some fevered dream. Was it only a moving picture, or a too vivid imagination?

Ah! no, it is all true to the letter, and in the writing of it I have been blessed; and if the reader shall receive as much spiritual benefit from its perusal as the author has in writing it, he certainly will have a stronger faith than he had before. Phil. 1:6. John 10:28.

I will say in conclusion the Lord has let me help some of my people through the swellings of Jordon. All that have died have left a good testimony. "They have died well." For the salvation of those who are still living we can afford to wait.

I ask all who read this to pray that my mother's dream may be fully relized, and that my dying father's prayer be answered —that all my people may be "brought out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay," and their feet placed upon the Rock, Christ Jesus.

Have Faith in God. Mark 11:22.

A scene in a railroad wreck on the Atlantic Coast Line R. R. as the Dixie Flyer from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla. was crossing the Allapaha river. Sixteen persons were killed.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

M. W. and Rebecca J. Henderson

From a sense of duty to my Heavenly Father, I make the following public acknowledgement of God's saving power and mercy:

June 29, 1910, my dear husband and I were on our way to Bristol, Fla., to assist in conducting a Pentecostal Camp Meeting. Just as we were leaving the depot at Valdosta, Ga., on the Georgia and Florida Railroad, an engine on the Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad ran into our train at the railroad crossing, turning the rear coach in which we were sitting over. The drive head of the engine fastened in the bottom of the coach as it turned over and dragged us some distance on the ground, and threw us 75 feet from the track.

I saw two gentlemen a few seats in front of us rise to their feet and lift their hands in horror with the terror of death on their faces. I felt that we were in the jaws of death, and lifted my heart to God in prayer that He would save us alive if it were His will, for "With God All Things Are Possible," but if it were not His will to save our souls alive, to save us through Christ in death.

We invited Bro. M. C. Griffin, a relative of my husband's who has been recently saved from a life of great wickedness, to go with us to the camp meeting, thinking it would establish him in the "faith which was once delivered unto the saints," as he had never attended a Pentecostal Camp Meeting since he was baptized with the Holy Ghost. My husband, who had spent most fifty years in great wickedness had also just recently been saved, and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

The Bible says (Matt. 18:20) where two or three are gathered together in His Name. He is in the midst of them. The Holy Ghost is the source of miraculous power, Matt. 12.28, with Luke 11:20; Acts 19:11, with Rom. 15:19. I shall always believe it was the Holy Spirit's presence in our hearts in that coach, that saved us from being killed. It was a miracle in answer to the prayer that the Holy Ghost prayed through me. Some of the passengers were thrown through the windows when the engine struck our coach. They fell in a ravine, saving them

This dreadful railroad wreck happened four miles from Allapaha, Berrien County, Ga., near our home

Truly, "Death rides on every passing breeze, and lurks in every flower"

from being instantly crushed to death as the coach turned over. It was a terrible wrek, fourteen were wouned, but no one was killed. Fraise God!

I had just passed a portion of the Scriptures to a gentleman in front of us, telling him we were going to Bristol, Fla., to assist in conducting a Pentecostal Camp meeting . My husband and Bro. Griffin said: A couple back of us were scorning and laughing at me." The woman was attired in the latest fashion. She had the appearance of luxuriant hair falling in flowing waves and puffs about her forehead, but I do not know whether it was confined to her head by nature, or pinned on by hairpins. At any rate, when I saw her a few minutes later, all doubled up, as the coach was turning over, her coiffure was very much disheveled. She did not look like the same woman. I was shouting God's praises. The laugh was on my side then. "Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh. Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and LEAP for joy: for behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets. Woe unto you that laugh now! For ye shall mourn and weep." Luke 6:21, 22, 23, 25. The Holy Spirit broke through the confines of English language and praised God with my vocal organs in other languages unknown to me. "O for a thousand tongues to sing my Great Redeemer's praise!" When we were outside on the ground, I kept praising God before the people who came running to see the wreck. Our train conductor told me to "hush," "that I would excite the people." But I did not cease praising God because he told me to. A few days afterwards, when we were able to travel, I attended a Methodist meeting and took the first opportunity to praise God. The evangelist ordered me to sit down, and said "it was the devil that sent me in their to act so, and break up their meeting." I did not sit down and cease praising God because he told me to. My husband drew me out of the church, for which cause I "rejoice oɟ ʇɐɥʇ ʇɹɐ ɯʎ ɹoɟ ɹ great is my reward in heaven." Matt. 5:12. We pray for them, "for they know not what they are doing. Luke 23:34. Ten days later, as we were coming home, we traveled with this same evangelist. I passed out portions of Scripture in the car, sang "Be Ready When He Comes," and told them all how God had wonderfully delivered us from

death a few days ago, and urged them all to get ready to meet God, and warned them of the awful danger in delay, while the evanelist hid behind his newspaper.

The carnal heart can't bear to hear God praised. If you want a revival in your heart, in your church, in your town, begin to praise God. The high praises of God terrifies the enemy. When Jehosaphat was crowded by the enemy, he cried to God, "O our God, we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee.

And when he consulted with the people he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, Praise the Lord; for His mercy and endureth forever.

And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and mount Seir, which were come against Judah; and they were smitten * * * and they were three days in gathering the spoil, it was so much." 2 Chronicles, twentieth chapter.

I learned more about the value of a human soul in those few moments than I had learned in a lifetime before. Matt. 16:26.

To have the gift of life is a solemn thing. Life is God's most sacred trust. It is not ours to do with as we please; it must be accounted for, every particle, every power, every possibilty of it.

I acknowledged or deliverance from death to be the miraculous work of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, who alone doeth wonderous things. I acknowledge it in the honor of His glorious grace, and the praise of His glorious name, praying theat we may be kept in the path of duty using the health He has so graciously granted us, in publishing the Gospel of peace.

A Novel Missionray Experience.

MRS. R. J. FOX.

(From the Christian Witness, January 1904.)

After the close of the meeting at New Lewisville, I decided to give up the Mission Hall at Texarkana, and devote myself to the spread of Holiness. The Lord leading the way.

As I prayed over it, He drew me with bands of love to make a missionary journey into the southern part of Arkansas. About six months ago my dear daughter was married to a coountry doctor from that district and left with him for her new home the next morning.

In her cheerful letter she said, "To avoid being lonely, I go with the doctor a great deal, so much that the people call me Doctor, too." And would often mention places and people of interest, and cautioned me not to preach when I came to visit her, as the people there had never heard of Holiness and would not understand, and would think a woman engaged in active Christian work bold and unwomanly.

I was deeply impressed that this was my opportunity to make my daughter a surprise visit, and pioneer the way of Holiness. The Lord promised to send an angel before me, assuring me that if I would obey His voice he would be an enemy to my enemies (Exodus 23:20-22). Nothing daunted I determined to go forth and spy out the land, knowing it to be a tedious journey, requiring several days, with frequent changes and layovers, through a rough section of the country. I was convinced in my judgment that I ought to go by a certain place where the people needed salvation, and deal faithfully with them about their souls. On my second day's journey, being tired from sitting,, I thought I would walk out on the platform where the train stopped for dinner. I had no more than stepped out of the car than a cross, ugly looking Italian rushed up to an old man and dealt him an awful blow in the face, accusing him of stealing his pocketbook. He was so mad it took about a half dozen men to beat him off the man. About forty miles farther on, at the next station, it was pay day at the sawmill, and the men were drinking. The porter on our train had an encounter with a colored man and cut

him badly. It was a gruesome scene, indeed. As our train pulled out the manager of the mill came running up with his gun, scattering the crowd. The almost murdered man, all covered with blood, with his open knife in his hand, was still struggling to get away from the man who held him.

About fifty mile further on I left this train to take the accommodation on a branch road. As I opened the door to go into the car I discovered that it was the smoking car, as the air was literally blue with the fumes of tobacco smoke and whisky. The men were using vile and profane language. It was apparent upon entering that the chief point of interest was near the door. There stood a man who had just come in with a case of whisky and was passing the bottles to his fellow-travelers, who certainly were a rough looking lot of men. I hastened into the next car to find matters not much better. I was then the only woman passenger. I lifted my heart to God in prayer, and was led to go through the cars and pass out cards of Gospel warning to every one on the train. The men in the smoker told me if I needed protection to call upon them. In a few minutes everything became as quiet as a prayer meeting, and suddenly one of the men came in from the smoking car, walked briskly down the aisle to where I was sitting, put money in my lap, and turned and went back. He had no more than gone back when in came another, and another, and did likewise. We had to wait at this station for more than an hour, but everything was peaceful and orderly. Quite a contrast to the bloody scene at the station above, where the train men had used brute force. But the Gospel made its appeal to this crowd of rough men.

I met some excellent people, among whom I will mention the names of Mr. Jessie Dean, Hunter Pryor, and J. P. Chavis, who entertained me in their hospitable homes and helped me on my journey. Did I preach? I certainly did, according to Dr. Godbey's definition. I exhorted, prayed, testified, appealed, and everything else I could do for the Lord. The people's hearts melted like wax and they invited me to come back.

I found my daughter and her husband well and very happy, for which I praise God. On my way home at one of the stations the operator lay on a cot in the waiting room, stiff and cold in death; was murdered the night before by the section foreman. The yawning black coffin was on the platform ready to receive his body. They were going to ship him east to his folks.

I stopped at Lewisville; told the dear ones there of my trip, and how much the people needed full salvation, and suggested that a missionary fund be raised to preach the full Gospel in forgotten districts. Eight dollars was raised for this purpose.

My heart is yearning over the people back in the mountains, in the northern part of Arkansas, who are very poor. They live in little two-room shanties. In one house were I visited fourteen of us slept in one room. The standard diet is fat bacon, corn bread and black coffee. Many of the people can not read or write. One poor soul asked me to write holiness texts for her, that she might show them to the people who could read, and prove the doctrine to them. I am trusting the Lord for a tent and some good workers who know how to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, to go with me, to hold meetings in these places.

C. S PECK

My Experience and Call to Missionary Work.

(From History of the Fox Mission and Rescue Home, 1906.)

When I was a little over twenty years of age, I was converted at a meeting held in St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. The speaker of the afternoon was Dean Peck of Denver, Colorado. He gave a fine talk and made a proposition that could not be turned down without insulting God. I had often heard the Word of God preached and many a time had made up my mind to lead a Christian life, but just as soon as sin presented itself I would be unable to stand. There is no use making resolutions; you will just make them to break them. All permanent reformation of life must be based upon the power of Christ to change the heart.

I remember the Sunday afternoon I started to the meeting above. I left home very angry, without eating dinner. I made up my mind on that Sunday afternoon, I was going to lyive a Christian life, no matter what people said. So when the proposition was made I stood to my feet, and when he called for all those who meant business to come forward I moved to the front. Dean Peck explained the gospel to us and I accepted Jesus by faith as my Saviour. I felt happy as I started home and at church that night I confessed my Saviour.

I heard of a cottage prayer meeting that was to be led by a young man who had been a vile sinner. I attended and saw they had something I did not. I was impressed by these words spoken by Brother Reed Jacobs, the leader, "Go in for all God's got for you." I knew I did not have all God had for me, so I went down before God at one of these meetings March 31st, 1905, and I earnestly prayed Him to take all anger, pride, worldiness and shameful lusts out of my heart, which He did, and gave me in exchange "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance; against such there is no law." Galations 5:22-23.

Before I was converted I drank, smoked and chewed tobacco and frequented houses of shame, and slept in a saloon all night when I had a good bed to sleep in at home. Oh! it is harder to serve the devil than to serve God. "The way of the transgressor is hard." "It is hard to get in, hard to stay in and hard to get ot of."

When I was in the employ of a lumber concern as bookkeeper in East St. Louis, Illinois, I stole some money and fixed the books to keep my employer from discovering my theft. When I heard a sermon on restitution I was deeply convicted of this sin and made confessions and restitutions. At another time I was seeking a position and in order to get a good salary I told the president of the firm that I received a larger salary from my former employer than I did, and did many other crooked things in business, the world counts shrewd which I have confessed and forsaken.

After my conversion God laid it upon my heart to speak to people about their souls which I did. I talked to the men in the lumber yard where I worked about their souls' welfare and I was reproved by one of my employers. He said, "That I must not quote any more scripture to the men; my business comes first." I told him, "My Savior, then business." Then he said, "The Savior is not running my business." Knowing that we ought to obey God rather than man I asked how soon he could get another man, as I wanted to be free to do as the Lord led.

They gave me a nice letter, however, expressing their regrets that I could not continue with them.

After this I did carpenter work and devoted my spare moments to mission and slum work in St. Louis, and about this time I met Sister Fox who was holding a tent meeting in that city and when she asked for workers to come south with her to do mission and rescue work in Arkansas, who was willing and able to bear the cross and endure hardness, expecting in return to be ill-treated and misunderstood and abused by the world and Christian people, too, I responded.

I am so glad I had the courage of my convictions to resign my position when my employer told me not to quote scripture to the men. Though I was advised by him that I would make a better business man than a minister and a minister only receives a small salary and if I would follow the mercantile life I could

command a good salary. But I praise God that I chose to be a disciple of Jesus Christ and followed the instructions he gave the young man in Matt. 19:21. "Go sell whatsoever thous hast, and give to the poor, and thou shat have treasure in Heaven: and come take up thy cross and follow me." I have no higher ambition than to be used of God, as in the case of Brother Sam Fallis and poor Thelma. These two rescues have more than repaid me for what I have sacrificed,

Yours to the rescue,

C. S. PECK.

SISTER KATE L. HOCKADAY AND BABY.

This woman was rescued by us; her baby was born in our Missson and Reseue Home

A Sketch of My Life.

Kate L. Hockaday.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people. Psalms 116:12, 13, 14.

When I was in the jaws of death, before going under the influence of chloroform to be delivered of my child, I promised God that if I lived, I would give myself wholly into His Hands, to be used and guided by Him.

Now, He is laying it upon my heart to tell the friends of The Fox Mission and Rescue Association and lost humanity what God can do for a sinner.

I was born in Newport, Kentucky. My parents are full-blooded Germans, born in Germany.

At the age of seven I was sent out begging. At the age of twelve I was put in a cigar factory in Cincinnati, Ohio, to learn my trade—cigar making—and I also learned to curse, fight and drink beer. As I was swift I soon earned a man's salary which enabled me to dress in the height of fashion. I grew very fond of dancing and love to attend theatres, public balls, beer gardens and resorts. I was good natured and big-hearted. My free and easy manner with strangers and friends alike has caused me much sorrow. People often told me I would meet with the wrong man some day, which I did. Though I persisted in this wordly wicked life thinking I was shrewd enough to keep pace with the world and come out all right I had the German temper in me which when aroused would attack anyone with whatever I happened to have in my hand. I was strong and thought I could fight my way through. I was then a strong believer in "muscular" Christianity.

When I was twenty-seven years old I was betrayed by a man to whom I was engaged to be married. We were in a wine room drinking, and he put something in my beer, and the next morning when I awoke I found myself in a hotel where this villian

had kept me all night. I was often insulted and had to fight for my honor. On one occasion I was brutally attacked by W. L. Hockaday, a traveling salesman. As my home was very unpleasant, and I was tired of this wordly wicked life, when Mr. Hockaday came up with the marriage license and persuaded me to marry him, showing me a contract for eighteen hundred dollars a year with a shoe house in Cincinnati, Ohio. Even though I did not love him I thought the best thing I could do would be to marry him. We were married the twenty-seventh of August, 1902, and he took me with him to Mammoth Springs, Ark., where I learned he had been a gambler, drunkard, morphine fiend and opium smoker for many years and that he had a wife and two children living in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The life we lived was something terrible. It is a shame even to speak of the things he wanted to do under the guise of wedlock. When I told him I was tired of this life and was going to leave him he said I would have to walk the ties and tried to choke me, and I called the officer and demanded him to get me money to leave for St. Louis. He gave me ten dollars and I left on the five o'clock train.

Two years later I was called upon by some Christian women from God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio, who told me that Mrs. Hockaday number one was well provided for. They told me Mr. Hockaday had got religion and wanted me to live with him again. After they had made several calls trying to persuade me to live with Mr. Hockaday, he then called himself asking me to forgive him for the past and persuaded me to live with him again. I told him if Almighty God could save him and make a man out of him, He surely could save me. I joined him in St. Louis, July 5, 1905, only to learn that if possible matters were even worse than ever. He had no means of support or income only as good hearted people out of the kindness of their hearts would give him money. Although he urofessed religion he would make talks in tents, missions and on the street he would curse and try to choke me when he returned to our room, and it is a shame even to speak of those things he insisted upon doing in secret.

When I found I was with a child and with such a man for its father I was desperate. I watched my chances and slipped away from him and sought employment, but when people learned that I was the wife of W. L. Hockaday they would not employ me, and I lost confidence in humanity and was hiding around

wherever I could get shelter, and was casting around for a way to destroy myself, when Sister Fox, who was holding a tent meet-in St. Louis, at this time, told me not to despair, that her special business was looking after people who had no friends and if I wanted to be somebody for God He could forgive me and put the blood of Jesus over the past if I would cast myself upon Him. The minute I saw her and heard her talk I knew she had something that I did not have and for the first time in my life I grasped the promises of God to forgive my sins and make me a co-worker with Him to lift up the fallen. Now there is no place too low for me to take in His service. My prayer is:

"Lord for Jesus' sake
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish mind;
To lead still further on such as Thy Kingdom seek." Amen.

KATE L. HOCKADAY.

SAMUEL FALLIS AND WIFE

A Redeemed Drunkard and Sport.

I will give you a sketch of my life in sin to show you what God can do for a fellow like me.

I was born in Rusk, Texas, A. D. 1869. My parents moved to Kauffman, Texas, when I was eight years old.

My father and mother were Christians, and taught me right from wrong.

I was a cowboy until I was eighteen years old.

I left there to go to the city. Then I began drinking and sporting.

I went to Dallas and started to learn the art of bricklaying. I got in with what I called a good crowd of jolly boys. We would go in saloons and take it time about ordering the drinks, and I would go to my boarding place drunk every night. The money I took with me to the city was gone, and I got such small wages I could not hold up and I took a position in a theatre as an Irish and black face comedian. I worked there at night and at laying brick in the day. I was a sport right. I was thrown with all sorts of company, both boys and girls. The place was a Free and Easy. I got $10.00 per week at the theatre and $7.00 at my trade laying brick. I learned to be quite handy with the gloves. I had a prize fight with a pugilist by the name of Spider Kelly. We fought for 40 and 60 per cent. I put it on him and got the 60 per cent. I had other fights I will not mention. But I generally could lick my man. I stayed in this business three years. Then I went back home. My sister picked me out a sweet little country girl and we soon made it up and were married Dec. 21, 1890. I stayed at home pretty well the first year of my marriage and joined the Christian Church. My wife gave me a little girl. Then she took sick with pneumonia, and then I began drinking and to go to Dallas and other places. I had in property and cash about $2,000,00 and I had a brick yard in Scurry, Kauffman County, Texas. I often shipped cord wood that I traded brick for to Ennis, where I could cash it. One day I went down to the switch to see if the wood was loaded on car which was promised me. I found it was and I wanted to go down on the freight and the engineer pushed me off. I was drinking and pulled my pistol and shot at him but I did not hit him. It

This woman and little children were rescued by us; she is now happy with her husband in her own home.

was then I started out right in sin. I sold everything I had and got as much money out of it as I could and left the country. I took my wife and went back to my birthplace, Rusk. I had not been there long until I was arrested and taken back to Kaufman and they put me in jail, the first time and only one of our name I ever knew of being in such a place. But as soon as my dear old father heard of it, he came and made me a bond. This scrape cost me more money than I had. I had to borrow money to pay the rest. It was easy then for me to borrow money . I had many friends that would do anything in reason for me. Then I went to traveling. Part of the time Itook my wife, and part of the time I would leave her at some cheap boarding house until I had three children. Then I went to keep ing house and moved from pillar to post. In Terrell, Texas, I was arrested for holding up a fellow, but I did not get anything, and the judge, being a friend, made it an assault and fined me. I had no money, then my friends yere few and far between. I worked it out on the the coutny road.

My wife went to her father's and wrote me when I quit drinking and got her a home she woul come back to me. I could not get any work, it was winter, and I left for Old Mexico. I was in the Republic thirteen months and then came back and joined the First Texas, U. S. Cavalry Volunteers, and stayed with them seven months. Then I came back home and promised my wife I would quit drinking and laying brick because the boys were too rough for me to run with.

Then I got a job as a traveling salesman with the Paris Medicine Co. of St. Louis, Mo., and stayed sober for quite a while. I made from three to four hundred dollars a month. I could not stand prosperity and I went back to drinking and soon lost my job and had to go back to my trade. I moved to Fort Worth, Texas. I worked all the time and drank so much I did not have enough money to pay house rent and the bosses would not hire me any longer. I went to Dallas to work and when I returned I found the house empty. I enquired of my wife's whereabouts and the neighbors said the constable had put her out and she had gone to her father's. I went back to Dallas and thought I would get her with me soon, but somehow I just kept on drinking. I then went to Texarkana and went to work. I was elected vice president of the Bricklayers Union and I was in the chair one night when a bricklayer whispered to me there was a lady down at the Texas House who wanted to see me.

After the meeting he insisted on me going with him to his boarding house to meet this woman. I went with him, never dreaming of what would come of it. We had several beers and I went down with him and when we got to his room there sat two women. I knew the bricklayer's woman. He made me acquainted with this strange woman. A proposal was made to buy furniture and go to keeping house, which we did the next day. We had a row and I went to a hotel. This woman asked me to take her there and live as man and wife, which I did. She was a clean modest looking woman. I kept her at this boarding house about two months. Then we went to Texas and passed as man and wife. She tried to persuade me to get a divorce from my own little sweet wife and marry her. She even wrote my wife and mother-in-law that we were married and when I learned this I slipped off from her, leaving my money with her. I went to Paris, Texas,, and phoned her to send me some money but she came in person. But when she got there I was in Texarkana where I learned there was a $50.00 reward for me for living in adultery. I walked to Lewisville, Ark., a distance of thirty miles. I phoned to Texarkana and told her I was going to Hot Springs, Ark. When I got there she was there. She went to cooking at the hotel where I boarded and we slept together at night. Then we went to light housekeeping. When I was not working she would work. She was a good cook, earning $40.00 per month and an up-to-date laundry girl. I kept her seven months. I quit drinking and began saving my money to get my own sweet wife and babies with me. I was most crazy to see them as I had not seem them for nearly two years. Though I heard from her through other people. She wrote me once that when I quit drinking and got her a home she would come to me. I worked and soon paid for a little home in Hot Springs and went to Willis Point, Texas, but my wife was not there and I could not find where she was. I lost track of her about two years. I went back to Hot Springs and sold my pretty little home that I had worked so hard for and had it furnished so nicely. The house and furniture was worth $2,000.00 and I sold it for $8.00.00 and blowed the money in ten days. Then I went to traveling. One day I was going through a little place in Texas and phoned to my brother. He told me had some news for me. He knew how badly I wanted to see my wife. I even had a detective to look for her. My brother told me where she was.

About a year after this I got on a spree and we came to Texarkana, Ark., January 1st, 1906, and I stayed drunk. After we were here a month my little thirteen-year-old girl died very suddenly and this drove me to drink more and more. I lost heart and would not try to get work at all and was thrown out of the rooming house on account of my drinking and not paying my rent, though I was quiet but I would have snakes and terrifying dreams of all sorts.

I was down town on a protracted drunk when my wife was ordered to vacate the rooms we were occupying. She did not know where to go or what was to become of us. She saw Sister Fox, who had been to our house to pray for us just after our little girl died. She told her what a condition she and the little ones were in. Sister Fox asked her to go home with her and she and her co-workers searched the town for me, and found me in Roberts' Saloon, down drunk. Brother Peck, one of the mission workers came in after me. I did not want to go out but he persuaded me to come outside and then the sisters persuaded me to go home with them. I shall never forget that walk of February 24, 1906. I looked like a tramp. I fell down once but they would help me up and cheer me on. It was about twenty blocks but I thank God for that walk. When I got there I was met by my wife and sweet babies, a little boy of nine and little girl of six years, all I had on earth. They made me as comfortable as possible and nursed me through an awful night and Brother Peck walked with me the next morning. They told me there was power in Jesus' blood to take the desire for liquor out of me. They asked me to sign a pledge, and trust God for power to keep it. I did so and have not wanted a drink, nor went into a saloon since. I have been on the streets and in the slums and jail meetings and in tent meetings with Sister Fox and her co-workers and it does me good to tell on the old devil.

I feel that all my sins are forgiven. I will be a Christian forever. There is nothing to turn back to. When my wife went with us to the slums it was the first time she was ever in such a place. I talked in front of a saloon to men I had caroused with. I will never go where I can't take my wife any more.

I am working at my trade making a good living for my family and I want to pay all my debts if people will only give me a chance and be patient with me.

For the first time in my life I am happy doing my duty as husband and father. We hold family prayers in our home evry night. I want all good Christians to pray for us.

Your brother in Christ,

SAMUEL FALLIS.

Brother Fallis lived a consistent Christian life up to the time of his death, a few years ago. He told his wife he was on his dying bed, and the one wish of his heart was that he could see us and leave her and their little children in our care.

A NOTE OF PRAISE FROM SISTER BESSIE C. FALLIS.

I shall never forget the day I first saw Sister Fox. She and her co-workers came to our house to comfort me when I was prostrated with grief. We had just lost our little girl, my only comfort. She was thirteen years old—a sweet precious child. She complained about eleven o'clock at night and was bright and happy next morning. I went out to the kitchen to get breakfast and when I came in the room my precious child was dead. I can't express my feelings. This stroke was too much for my frail body and I was completely prostrated for days.

When Sister Fox and her co-workers came and sang "He Touched Me and Thus Made Me Whole" and prayed for us I felt again that there was a God who loved me.

About two weeks later I was walking up and down Broad Street, Texarkana, Ark., hardly able to drag one foot after the other, but was spurred on by strong desire to find my poor husband who was drunk in one of the saloons. He had not been home for several days. My landlady had ordered me to vacate the rooms that day. I had no money and being a stranger I knew not where to go. I saw Sister Fox on the streets and told her all. She invited me and the children home with her. Then they found my husband as you have read from his experience.

We are happy in our home and in the service of God. I shall never cease to praise God for what he has done for me and my family and I have been so blessed in my soul. I have been delivered from the habit of snuff. Praise God!

My prayer is now

"Lord through me let thy treasure pour,
Till weary hearts that now are sore,
May feel the touch of God once more." Amen.

NELLIE

Nellie.

It was in the summer of 1905, while I was in St. Louis in the interest of our Mission and Rescue work, that I met the subject of this sketch. I was conducting a meeting for the Free Methodists in the Light House Mission Tent 22nd and Olive Street. After the message had been delivered I went down among the congregation to invite sinners to the altar, and was attracted by her sweet face so strangely sad, and asked her if she did not want to give her heart to God. She exclaimed "You do not know who I am, I am a bad girl." I told her God would forgive her if she would only forsake her sins. She then said I am a morphine fiend." I assured her that she could be delivered from the clutches of the devil, and the curse of this cruel drug.

After we prayed she said, "I feel that my sins are forgiven, but I must be delivered from the morphine or I will go to hell." I promised to do all in my power to help her. I followed the case up and found her steadfast in her purpose to be free from the power of the nemy. Her will power had become so weakened that she felt her utter helplessness and clung to me like a child. I phoned to Dr. Galloway, and old friend of ours, a kind Christian physician, and asked his advice as to the best way to proceed. He advised me to send her to an institution for treatment, as such cases needed constant watching. I told her that if she would trust God, I would take her case in hand and nurse her myself. I took her to my apartments, and with the assistance of kind Christian ladies, nursed her as a mother would her helpless babe. The desperation to which these cruel drugs drive their victims can only be fully realized by those who are under its merciless lash.

I want to say to the glory of God, she was completely delivered in a few weeks from this cruel curse, which in times past had caused her to suffer all the horrors of the damned. As I listen to the detils of her downfall, the bitter heartaches and suffering while in this life, much of which I would not care to repeat, my heart is burning with indignation, as well as with pity and compassion.

Nellie says that the white wings of the angels of purity would brood over her and haunt the inner chambers of her soul in her hours of wildest revelry, and there are many in the houses of shame, who would gladly return to respecetability if they thought God would forgive them, and opportunities were offered to escape from their surroundings and associations.

Now, that she has been redeemed her one thought seems to be the salvation of these poor girls. She wishes me to write a brief sketch of her life and send it forth, hoping that some of her former companions in sin may read the good news of her conversion, and seek the salvation of their souls.

The change from innocence to guilt, from purity to vice, is not a sudden transition. The work of ruin is not accomplished by one fatal plunge.

This dear child grew restive under the restraint of her humble country home, and as many a poor simple hearted girl has done, she left this safe retreat and went to St. Louis to seek employment at the age of sixteen, that she might be able to dress more fashionably. The great curse of woman's pride is the lust of beautiful dress, the charm of luxury which money alone brings. This woos many a poor girl into wayward ways, blinds their eyes to the true realities, and throws the soul off it's guard until it is too late to recover the safe ground.

On one occasion I was speaking in the Methodist Church in Bearden, Ark., in the interest of resce work, and my precious sister, Lola, who is now in heaven pressed a five dollar bill in my hand saying affectionately, "I was going to spend this for lacery."

To return to the girl about whom I began to write. Life in the city with the "fast set" led to something worse, and she soon found she could not have her own way. Losing her position, she went to visit a girl friend, a Baptist minister's daughter, who had married and came to St. Louis to live. Her friend's husband offered her a home with them.

The full particulars of her downfall are of too shocking a character to relate; but in justice to her, it should be stated that by this man, regarded as a friend, she was, in a great measure forced into a life, which she soon learned to despise. After he had accomplished his hellish designs, he drove her from his home. A man on the street seeing her distressed, offered to help her. His pitying eyes were soon changed to lustful ones, and the very hand offered to help her led her not to independence, but to another dependence. Feeling that she was not fit to go

home, she soon became so entangled through a train of circumstances in the meshes of Satan, that she was glad when a landlady from Temple, Texas, offered her an opportunity to get away from home and friends. The devil has his gilded houses of sin and when a girl gets into trouble he has his landladies, Who invite them in, and this is the kind of a home that was opened to poor Nellie. Poor child! she little dreamed of the woe and anguish that were coming into her life. For seven long years she lived in "public houses" in Waco, Texas. It was almost six years before the drink, drugs and dissipation began to tell much on her, but after that time she went down very rapidly; and it was at the end of nine years of sin we met her in St. Louis, a physical wreck. She had spent the night in jail. She promised God that when she got out she would never be bad any more. She was as frail as a broken flower, weighing about ninety pounds.

We only refer to the sin side that the power of God may be magnified in the salvation of precious souls. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

In trying to regain the path of virtue Nellie stumbled and fell three times, but she confessed her sins, asked God to forgive her; claimed victory through the Blood. As I was coming from Boston, February, 1907, I stopped in St. Louis and looked her up, brought her to Texarkana to our Missionary Training and Rescue Home.

She has many noble qualities, though hidden for years under great wickedness. Some have advised her never to tell her past, but she feels she must tell what God has saved her from and warn other poor girls that their blood may not be upon her soul. She says, " I was bold for the devil and the Lord has shown me I must be bold for Him."

Since the foregoing pages were first printed, when leaving the home, Nellie fell into the hands of the enemy and was used as a tool by those who for years have been trying to overthrow our work. Damaging reports were published against us in the Texarkana Daily, infering that the Mission and Rescue Home was a house of shame.

"One sinner destroyeth much good."

"We are safe in the sieve of the Lord," but poor Nellie got into the riddle of the devil and was horribly shaken.

Some of the workers in the Home agreed with me in prayer to God that He would save her or kill her. She was completely

restored to paths of righteousness in ansewer to the earnest and prevailing prayer of Christian faith.

I visited her in St. Louis, January 1908, she was living with her own husband, a "discreet chaste keeper at home," well reported of among Christian workers. She told me all that life was worth to her, she owes to the training she received in the Mission Home at Texarkana.

She attended Brother Kinne's Mission and was baptized in the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. I have never heard an evil report of her since.

JESSIE STANSBERRY

Written Experience of Jessie Stansberry.

(Formerly Known as Almer Strater)

BY MRS. R. J. FOX IN 1907.

I want to say in the beginning, that, no matter how low a sinner may have fallen, my life will prove that God can save them.

I was born in Estell County, Ky. My mother died when I was two years old. I can just remember the people having prayer meeing at our house and bringing nice things for mother to eat. She died of consumption.

In a few weeks my father moved to Kansas City, Mo., where he soon married again.

I have had three step-mothers. When my step-mother would whip my little half-brothers and sisters I would take their part, and this caused me a great deal of trouble.

When I was about twelve years of age my step-mother had my father put me in the House of Good Shepherds. I stayed there about six months and ran away and went back home.

My father said I could stay at home if I would not fight my step-mother, but in a fey days I arranged to leave home with two young women who were several years older than myself; they were both twenty-two years old; they were bad girls, but I did not know it at the time.

We went to Wagner, Indian Territory, in a box car. When we arrived there I went to work in the Allison Hotel. There I married Mr. Sterling Denton, a widower with grown children. I soon found that I had "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

When my husband would whip the little children I would take their part. I was only thirteen years old, a child myself, and did not think they ought to be whipped, and I would fight for them. One time I was so provoked that I took the three youngest children and my little baby, six months old, and ran away with them, but the next day my husband overtook me and

carried us all back home. Soon afterwards I had him arrested for fighting me, and while he was in jail I ran off again, this time I left my baby, and went to Bonham, Texas, and went to work for Mrs Rosanbaum, who had two grown sons, and there my downward course began.

In a short time I left Bonham with a gambler, lived in sin with him some months, and began using morphine, cocaine, laudanum, whisky and cigarettes.

Deeper Depths and a Blacker Life.

I went from bad to worse until I fell in with some horse thieves at Clarksville, Texas. I was with them only a few weeks when the detectives caught us a few miles from Clarksville. When the detectives rode up on us they were dressed as tramps, but when they said consider yourselves under arrest and threw their guns on us we knew who they were. The other girl and myself thought that by swearing falsely we could clear the men, and we lay in jail five months for perjury. This was a Clarksville, Texas.

After I got out of jail I went to Paris, Texas, and went into Board Town and lived in houses of shame what time I was not in jail, but I think I spent more time in jail than I did out. One time I lay in jail seven weeks. I would fight the officers and bite them, and they would beat me with their guns; some times I would be so mean it would take three officers to handle me.

Driven From Place to Place.

Finally Sheriff Carpenter came down and gave us orders to leave town or he would fine us $550 and nine months in jail, so we came to Texarkana, and went to "Swamp Poodle" and opened up a house.

I soon got down so low that I would do most anything. I would dress in men's clothes and go around the saloons with men, and tramp around the country. I had no respect for myself or any one else. Sometimes I would be put in jail and would not know but what I was at my own house, I was drunk so much of the time that I would not know one day of the week from another.

The officers on the Texas side ordered us to leave town, and I went to College Hill dumps. I have been in the county jail a great many times on the Arkansas side for drunkenness and disturbing the peace, and fighting. I have laid drunk all night

in wine rooms and alleys; one night I fell in a ditch and did not know where I was till morning. I had a snake joint on College Hill dump. I had seventy-five snakes; these were my pets. I used to walk out on the streets with these coiled around my neck and wrists and the officer drove me off the streets with them.

From Jail to the Woods.

The officers on the Arkansas side ordered us to leave town as soon as they let us out of jail, and we went out in the woods and lived in sin without any thing to sleep on two or three weeks and our lovers spent every night with us and took thir meals with us.

Finally I ventured back into a house and the officers came at three o'clock in the morning and took me and my lover and threw us into the calaboose, where we were exposed to the gaze of men and women and negroes when we would attend to the calls of nature.

About a week after this Sister Fox came to my house and asked me to come and go home with her and eat dinner with her. I asked her if I could come back at night . She said, "you will have all day to come back home in."

Then she said if I would obey her, she could tell me how I could be somebody. She prayed for me and urged me to go home with her, telling me I could bring my morphine and cigarettes with me. I told her I wanted to ask Mr. —— about it. She said Mr. —— has not got a thing to do with your soul. Then I thought this is my chance. I had often wanted to be somebody, but the men would tell me that a common prostitute could not attend a church in town, and then I would get the blues so bad that I tried twice to kill myself. Sister Fox kept pleading; come let us get in the bugy right now, and we did and drove to the Mission Home.

The brothers and sisters gathered around me and prayed to God to break the bands that bound me, and free me from those cruel drugs and unclean habits, and to forgive my sins for Jesus' sake and for my dead mother's sake. God sure heard their prayers. He forgave my sins and I felt so good I felt like shouting.

That afternoon at three o'clock I took my last dose of morphine and smoked my last cigarette. I have been completely delivered from the habit of morphine, cocaine, and drugs of all

kinds, whisky, cigarettes, and all impure habits of body and mind.

The Mission Home Seemed Like Heaven.

When I was living in sin the whole world looked so dark that it looked like it was fixing to rain all the time. But since I have been delivered from drugs and the power of sin the world looks so bright. When I was liv ng in sin and my life was black and dark, Brother Peck, one of the workers at the Mission Home, called on us and invited me to come to the Home. He was the first pure minded and pure hearted man I had ever met.

When I came to the Home I did not know what love was. I shall never cease praising God for this Home, and for putting it into Sister Fox's heart to come after me.

Praying God to use what I have told to help some poor sinner. I am, in His name,

JESSIE STANSBERRY,

Formerly known as Almer Strater.

Upon entering the Home Jessie abandoned herself to God and was soundly converted and delivered from the power of these cruel drugs and unclean habits of body and mind.

In two weeks from the time she came to the Home, she went to Lewisville, Ark., with me, and met a poor woman on the train who was in the last stage of consumption, with whom she talked freely of the great love of God; and spoke in meetings, both private and public, in Lewisville of God's wonderful power to save from sin. The Lord blessed her life and testimony there. When I resented what I thought was disrepect to her, she consoled me by saying: "They do not look at it like you do;" "I can't expect everybody to look at it like you do." In a few weeks we made another tour through Arkansas, and the Lord greatly used her in meetings, where she testified freely to her past life and redemption through Christ, and gave out her little book by the hundreds.

In the summer of 1907, we made an extended tour through Louisiana and Arkansas.

Soul, mind aid body needed minute care and unwearing patience to develop them after years of dwarfing. She could not read or write when she came to the Home, but day after day she responded to prayer and effort, and has proven herself to be a clever and trustworthy girl.

She goes into the slums and dives with our workers, and tells those poor unfortunates that she was once like them, and that her life will prove that God can save them.

I will add an extract from a letter in which you have in her own words a testimony of God's saving and keeping power.

Fox Mission Home, Nov. 29, 1907.

Dear Mother:

I have pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know we are getting along all right.

Well, Mother, I have the victory this morning in my soul, and I want your prayers that I may keep it. We had a nice Thanksgiving day yesterday. I hope you had a nice day, and if you did, it was in trying to rescue some poor, fallen girl.

I praise God for giving me such a good home and mother and brothers and sisters; and I thought about how you all sat up with me when I was getting over morphine, and I fell on my knees and praised God for preserving my life. What if I had died when I was living in sin? Where would my poor soul be now?

When I look back over my past life I wonder how God can forgive a sinner like me.

Well, Mother, all I can do now is to see how good I can be and to praise the dear Lord for saving my soul from hell.

Brother Peck and his wife and myself, went to College Hill dumps last Wednesday night, and visited one of those sporting houses where I used to live.

I will never forget the time you came after me when I lived in a little negro hut. Your face was the prettiest sight I ever saw, it seemed to me like an angel from heaven had come.

Mother, pray for me that my face will look like yours did to me, when I talk to poor fallen girls.

From your loving daughter,
JESSIE STANSBERRY.

The life Jessie lived in the Home proves that a person can live without morphine, cocaine, and drugs of all kinds, whisky, cigarettes, and be delivered from all impure habits by God's power. We have not kept her in sight. She may have fallen back in her old habits again, but the memory of the months spent in the Home, will follow her through life.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY

Christ and the Woman Taken In Adulterary.

"'Neither do I condemn you."
Is what the Saviour said,
As she tremblingly stood before Him
And would not raise her head.

Christ looked upon this woman;
He knew her sin she felt,
And as He looked upon her
His loving heart did melt.

"We caught her in the very act,"
Said one of them well known;
So Jesus said, "If you are free,
Just cast at her a stone."

He did not stop to answermore,
But quickly kneeling down,
And thus he wrote their accusation,
Each one upon the ground.

They one by one went guilty out,
Nor looked back in the room;
They could not say, "Sir, we are free;
But she has sealed her doom."

Then, rising quickly to His feet,
He spoke the tender word:
'Has no one now condemned you?"
She answered, "No, my Lord."

When Jesus saw her penitence
For all the sin of yore,
He said, "Neither do I condemn you;
But go an sin no more."

Now, will you have the love of Christ,
And help us watch and pray,
That we may save some mother's girl
Who now has gone astray?"

So we might multiply cases of the poor, the sick, in prison and out of prison, the friendless, the vile, who were fed, visited, encouraged, prayed for, housed and brought to the feet of Him who has said, "Go and sin no more."

Notes from the Home.

Rebecca J. Fox.

(From a Report Written in 1906.)

In the first place I want to praise God for the way He led us in buying this property. We arrived here, five of us, October 31, 1905, and spent the first day of November in prayer and counsel. On the second day we were talking to a real estate agent, and said, "The Lord willing, I will come back at one o'clock." He said, "The Lord has nothing to do with me and my business engagements. I said, "Then I am afraid to have anything to do with you, and just count the engagement off." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

In a few hours we were eating lunch with and old friend and after prayer we closed the deal for this property at 1413 County Ave.; which was certainly a good investment.

We have sent one girl home and one has gone to Father's house where her feet will never slip again. Poor Thelma she kept a scarlet house in "Swamppoodle." She was deeply convicted of sin. We had been down their singing and praying several times and visiting from house to house. She was sick and came to us and sank exhausted when she arrived and continued to grow weaker until she died two weeks later.

This sickness and death was a great expense to us. We had to burn all her bedding and everything used in her case. God took her poor soul, though her body was worn out in sin. We gave her a Christian burial.

In answer to "effectual fervent prayer" He spared Sister Hockaday and her baby's life as she went under the influence of chloroform.

We have a sweet little baby boy five weeks old that is the pride of our home. We praise God for saving Brother Fallis and uniting him with his family. "He sitteth the solitary in families."

Texarkana is a city of sixteen to eighteen thousand inhabitants and this is the first effort that has ever been made to establish a Missionary or Rescue Home. There is not another free hospital in the place.

This is a much despised work and we have had to go against the advice of dear ones and defy public opinion. But God has enabled us to stand against the wiles of the devil and the work has gone steadily forward.

The financial part of the work is coming up nicely. Our friends often bring money and other offerings to the home. Some are making regular monthly offerings to the work.

Texarkana im my home town. I want to thank my friends for their kindness to me, some of whom have known me all my life. We pray every day for our benefactors. We have had help from Texas, Arkansas, Nebraska, Tennessee, Iowa, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Illinois, Idaho, California and Georgia.

A company of noble men and women who helped me in every way, while I was in Galveston Texas, in the Master's service.

Timely Help.

Phil. 4:19.

The Lord greatly blessed our efforts in the interest of rescue work in Galveston, Texas, in 1907.

Mrs. M. L. Calhoun, President Galveston Rescue Association, and Mrs. Carr, Treasurer, and a company of noble men and women, whose pictured faces grace these pages, helped me in every way.

I wish to relate an instance of how the Lord came to my help in the City of Galveston.

I was doing practical work in Galveston, as well as maintaining a Rescue Home in Texarkana, and had just used the last dollar; in fact I had only one car fare. I was away cross the city from Sister Johnson's a humble Christian woman, who entertained me, and was worn, and knew I would have to walk a long distance, as I would have to take two lines of cars to ride home, and I only had one car fare. I trudged along through the sand with thoughts like these, "I have heard of miracles being performed for God's servants, and something miraculous will have to be done for me to reach home." Just then I looked down and their lay a nickel in the sand. I rode on the street cars all the way home, praising God all the way.

When I told Sister Johnson she marveled because I rejoiced with no money in my purse. In a few minutes a gentleman called and said, "A lady who had heard me speak Sunday night sent me two dollars."

The people who lived next door called me, and said, "The Episcopal minister's wife phoned that Mrs. J. C. Leauge wanted me to call upon her at her home, 17th and Broadway."

After talking with me a little while she told her maid to hand her her check book, and said, "I am going to write you a check for fifty dollars now, and in a few months I will write you another check for fifty dollars." The spirit in which she gave this money was a great blessing to me. She handed me the check as though it were a pebble, and she the owner of the beach, saying, "Dear Mrs. Fox, how happy you must be, to have the privilege of doing this work." When I thanked her, and

said, "God bless you," she said, "God bless you," with tears in her eyes, and invited me to lunch with her next day.

When she sent the other fifty I was in St. Louis in the interest of Rescue Work, keeping house in a little hall room, and was sick. When the expressman brought the money in, I felt assured it was from Him who said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Heb 13:5.

My sister, Mrs. O'Donnell, with whom my mother lived, at that time, was living in St. Louis in luxury and comfort. I called upon mother one time and sister told the maid to bring in two plates and serve supper for mother and me in mother's room, instead of asking me to come to the table and eat with the family.

The last time I ever saw my mother, as I was taking leave of her she pressed my hand and said, "Becca, I am sorry I have not got a good, hot supper I could offer you." I told her not to worry about the supper, that I was sad on account of sin having separated me from my family; they could not see that it was God who called me into Rescue Mission Work, and would have no fellowship with me. It was not so with mother.

But God has more than repaid me in this life, for turning my back on home and loved ones, and has promised me eternal life in the world to come. Mark 10:29-30.

May God bless all the noble men and women, who by their prayers, kind encouraging words, their faith, and their consecrated labors and means, made possible the rescue of so many precious souls.

The Seventh Commandment.

Exodus 20:14.

"THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY."

Rev. P. G. Elsom, Pastor, Fayetteville Street Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C.

It is a very high and responsible office, that of a preacher of God's Word. There is nothing like it on earth. I would not exchange my calling for anything else. A true preachrer is called of God by the Holy Ghost. Rom., 10 ch.: "How shall they preach except they be sent?" Paul said in Rom., 1 ch., that he was "called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God." He told the Corinthians in 1 Cor., 9 ch., "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

So, every true preacher is called of God—given the message and responsible for its delivery, the same as a telegraph boy is responsible for the derlivery of the telegraphic message entrusted to him. A preacher is a watchman on the wails. Ezkl., 33 ch. God has promised to be with him. Math., 28 ch. To Jeremiah (1 ch.) God said: "Whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraif or their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." Then preach the truth if the stars fall. The Bible preachers obeyed God and preached the truth. Paul, in Acts, 20 ch., says: "None of these things move me." Peter said in Acts, 5 ch.: "We ought to obey God rather than men." He listened not to their threats of intimidation to stop him from telling the truth, but went on preaching boldly God's Word.

God hates a compromiser. Read how He rejected King Saul for not fully obeying Him. See how He shipwrecked Jonah for dodging His command. God hates a dodger. A clock that strikes all hours in the day but the seventh hour is no good, accurate clock. So. a preacher that preaches all of the Com-

mandments except the seventh, but dodges this, is not God's true minister of the Word. If a preacher can't preach on a sin which causes the wrath of God and destroyed twenty-three thousand Israelites in one day (1 Cor., 10 ch.), what can he preach on? Can't preach on a sin which breaks up homes? I visited a broken-hearted woman in Danville, Va., whose husband had run off to North Carolina with another woman. I said to this troubled woman: "Sister, you have heard me preach on the Seventh Commandment. Did you hear me say anything too hard in that sermon against adultery?!' "Oh! brother," she said, with tears, "you did not say half enough. My home is broken up now by that sin, and my husband gone and left me penniless. Oh, God; it is terrible!"

Can't preach on a sin which sends to hell those who commit it? See on the hell register (Gal., 5:19) fornicators and adulterers recorded. If a preacher can't preach on this awful sin of adultery, we had as well tear up our Bibles, burn up our churches, have no preachers or preaching, and go back into heathendom. Let us not be ashamed of God's Word. If we are not guilty of breaking this Seventh Commandment, we need to be instructed on it, so as to have strength to resist, should Satan tempt us to commit this sin.

The wedded state is earth's most sacred relation. It carries us back to the Eden that has been, where God joined together the parents of the human race. Read the divine account of the first bridal (Gen., 2: 18-25). God's first circle of society is that of the family. The unity of the race is the purpose of God, and this grows out of the unity of husband and wife. The origin of the family in God's purpose lies within the sacred unity of man and woman. This consideration reveals at once the tremendous force of the Seventh Commandment and explains its binding nature upon the race in all ages and places.

Now, adultery is the violation of the marriage vow, when the contracting parties solemnly promise to forsake all others and be true to each other so long as they shall live. Hence adultery breaks up the unity of the race thwarts the purpose of God and is a great sin.

Let us look more closely at

I. THE COMMAND: "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

This cammandment was handed down from heaven to Moses on Mount Sinai by God Himself, and 1,520 years afterwards endorsed by Jesus Christ, His Son, when He came to earth.

The command is a simple, unqualified, irrevocable negative. "Thou shalt not." No argument is used, no reason is given, because none is required. The sin is of so destructive and damning anature that it is in itself sufficient cause for the stern forbidding. To emphaize the commandment, it is only necessary to consider the sin against which it is directed. As Campbell Morgan says, a sevenfold vice is this sin of unchaste conduct, being a sin aginst (1) the individual, (2) the family, (3) society, (4) nation, (5) race, (6) universe, (7) God.

1. Adultrey is a sin against the individual.

This needs no proof. Nature visits the sin with the heaviest penalties. She has no pity for the unclean. The statistics of lunacy tell horrible tales of the effect of unclean life upon the mind. The doctors can tell you of bodily diseases caused by this sin, and the Bible tells how it destroys the soul. 1 Cor. 6 ch. "Be not deceived; neither fornicators * * * nor adulterers shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Thus the perfect unity of spirit, soul and body is destroyed by this vice, and the man or woman commits suicide who persists in this unchaste habit.

2. Adultrey is a sin against the family.

The sacredness of motherhood and childhood and their demands are only secured and met in the divine institution of marriage. Whenever the rights of the marriage relationship are violated and set aside, God's plan is broken down and the family circle destroyed. The race is to be trained in groups, and for such goverment the love of parents is necessary. Both of the parents are necessary to nurture the child. Since adultery breaks up the home, incalculable harm is done to the children. In divorce they are committed to one parent, whereas they need the two. Therein lies the destruction of the family by this sin of adultery.

3. Adultery is a sin against society.

This follows from the previous consideration. Society is a union of families, and all the hman inter-relations of property, of reputation and of character break down when the family breaks down. The sin of adultrey, which destroys the family, is the enemy of all true sociey, and, as a great man says, "Communism in the realm of sex is the most damnable sin against the Commonwealth."

4. Adultery is a sin against the nation.

This again follows from the former consideration. The adulterer is an enemy of the State, and , after being divorced by the courts, should be imprisoned by the criminal courts. It is an act of treason to the State to allow such persons to go free, and the man or woman upon whose guilt the marriage tie is broken no Christian minister of any denomination has a right to remarry. The greatness of a people depends upon the purity and strength of the people. In every nation where adultery abounds, death to the nation is at work. This is proved by the lurid lights that flash from the decay of Assyria, Greece, Rome, and today in France. God says (Prov., 14:34): "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

5. Adultery is a sin against the race.

No one can deny his accountability for a share in the development or destruction of the race. Every licentious and bestial man or woman is inflicting new wounds, not only upon the present race, but also upon the unborn. The voice of the human race is thundering the divine command, "Thou shat not commit adultery."

6. Adultery is a sin against the universe.

The life of the universe is love. The origin of all is love, for "God is love." Love is the law of growth. Let every adulterer and adulteress konw that their impurity sins against the genius of the universe. Every pure and holy love of man and wife, every devotion of beasts and birds to their mates proclaims that adultery is a sin against the whole creation.

7. Aduletry is a sin against God.

Every human being has been made in His image. Of every family He is the true Father. In all society He is the Shepherd. Over all nations He is the King. The race is His own, to its utmost limit. The law of love of the universe is the will of God for all.

Thus every impure person strikes a blow at the very heart of God. By an eternal necessity He excludes the "abominble and fornicators from Heaven and gives them their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Rev., 21:8.

David, guilty of adultery, realized in his agony of repentance that his sin was against God, for he cries (Ps. 51). "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned and done that which

was ev il in Thy sight." Joseph,tempted to adultery (Gen., 39 ch.), resists, because, as he exclaimed, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

II. APPLICATION OF THIS COMMANDMENT TODAY.

There are certain signs of the times which point to the necessity for the enforcement of the Seventh Commandment today. What are some of these signs?

1. Tendency to loosen binding nature of the marriage tie.

There is an increasing popular notion that the married relation is a civil one only. This is a fatal error. It is wholly divine. The lawfulness of this married state lies within the supreme fact of sex, and this is a part of divine creation. God, who thus created, has conditioned the law of union, and every marriage is therefore a part of the divine plan. When once married union is formed, it is for life. "What God hath joined together let no man put assunder." There is but one reason for breaking the married tie till death—**adultery.** The prevailing notion, "incompatibility of temper" a sufficient reason for diviorce, is a blow at the very throne of God, and therefore at the foundations of human well-being. Purity must refuse to give one moment's countenance to such doctrine of hell.

2. Another sign of the times—**filthy fiction.**

The married relation is treated in some books and magazines and newspapers with amused pity. Whoremongers and adulterers are excused and defended. Such literature is a pernicious prostitution of a free press and will ruin any country.

3. **Multiplication of callings of women**—working where men are around, giving them insufficient wages; young women in tobacco factories, hotels, in offices with men—in danger. I may be an "old fogy," but I am sorry in this mammon-worshipping age, our daughters are under necessity to go out and thus work. Unchasity often is begun under conditions that seemed honest and pure enough.

4. **Dress of women,** or rather, the half-dress of sociey women, is a curse of the marriage relation.

5. **Some amusements** which bring the sex into proximity, such as men and women dancing and bathing together. These amusements are dangerous, and furnish of ten the first step to the breaking of this Seventh Commandment. Beware of the

beginning of evil. God says: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." 1 thesl., 5 ch.

III. SAFEGUARDS AGAINST ADULTERY.

There are certain precautions we must take—safeguards we must throw around us to prevent the breaking of this commandment.

1. **Make a covenant with your eyes.** This was Job's plan He said: "I made a covenant with my eyes. Why, then, should I think upon a maid?" In Prov., 6 ch., we are warned against the strange woman. "Lust not after her beauty in thine heart; neither let her take thee with her eyelids." Christ's definition of the Seventh Commandment is a **lustful look.** Math., 5 ch.: "But I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Keep thine eyes!

2. **Avoid undue familiarity between the sexes.** This Seventh Commandment is not broken all at once—not suddenly broken. Result of familiarity. Avoid first beginnings. Resist the devil and he will flee from you; resist his **first** approach. An ounce of yreventive is worth a pound of cure.

3. **Instruction.** Parents should instruct their children as to this Seventh Commandment. Preachers should enforce it from the pulpit. Sunday school teachers should instruct their classes as to the teaching of the Bible on this Commandment. Books on personal purity should be written.

4. **Prayer.** Daily should we pray God to keep us from this sin and to deliver us from temptation.

5. **The Word of God** is a great safeguard to us. The Psalmist says: "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against Thee." Get what the Scripture teaches about this commandment in your mind, and like a flashlight the Spirit will bring it to your remembrance in the hour of temptation, and thus save you from sin.

IV. THE PUNISHMENT OF ADULTERY.

God has attached awful puishment on the violators of this Seventh Commandment. He asks the question, in Prov., 6:27: "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Or can one walk upon hot coals, and his feet not be

scorched? So is he that goeth to his neighbor's wife. Whosoever toucheth her shall not be unpunished." The punishment is twofold.

1. **Disgrace.** In Prov., 6ch., it is said of the adulterer: "Dishonor shall he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away." Never gets over it. Disgrace follows you and your family. May move away; it will follow you. May cross the ocean; disgrace will follow you. God has said it: "Your reproach shall not be wiped away." Can't blot it out. Disgrace is worse than death—it is a living death, a blot, a lost influence. This shall be the punishment of the violators of the Seventh Commandment.

2. **Death**—Of the body and soul—physical and spiritua death. Of the body God says (Prov., 6 ch.) wounds shall the adulterer get. As an ox to the slaughter, and as a bird to the net, the adulterer goes to be caught and punished. For this sin of adultery Tamar was burned. Gen., 38:24. Both parties were required to be killed by law of Moses—stoned to death. Lev., 20:10. To-day our juries clear the slayer of the adulterer. In 1 Cor., 10 ch., twenty-three thousand in one day destroyed for the violation of this seventh Commandment, and two cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, burned up with fire and brimestone. **Soul death** adultery causes. Prov., 6 ch. The adulterer is said to "destroy his own soul." And he is placed on the hell register in Gal., 15: 19. Can you afford to lose your immortal soul for this sin? Be sure your sin will find you out. God is the detective and avenger, and your punishment is sure.

V. FORGIVENESS OF ADULTERY.

In 1 John, 1 ch., we read that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. That means, also, the sin of breaking the Seventh Commandment. In John, 4 ch., Christ forgave the Samaritan woman and adultress, and she became an active Christian worker. David was forgiven for adultery upon his deep repentance. In John, 8 ch., Christ forgave an adulteress and said He did not condemn her, and told her to go and sin no more.

Christ's forgiveness of adultery is conditional upon your sincere repentance and turning from this sin. You will have to genuinely repent and give the sin up before Christ will forgive you for it. You cannot expect Him to forgive you if you continue in this sin.

I was preaching in a revival in a certain town, and a woman who had been tried in the courts for adultery came forward for prayer. God blessed her and forgave her, and in tears she addressed the audience, saying: "Friends I have sinned before this town. I feel God has forgiven me. Now, I want you all to forgive me and pray for me, that I may live a good, Christian life." The good women put their arms of love around her, the church received her, and the pastor has since informed me that she is living the life of the Christ whose blood cleanseth from all sins.

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